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CHRONICLE.

**In Parliament.
Lords.** THE final night of the trial and condemnation of the worst criminal in the way of a Bill that has ever presented itself for judgment at the bar of the House of Lords fully answered the occasion. It was opened by LORD CRANBROOK in a speech not unworthy of his palmy days, those of the second Reform war and the Irish Church debates. The LORD CHANCELLOR followed with that peculiar air of apology—like, and yet not like, Lord SPENCER'S—which distinguishes him. Lord SPENCER seems always to be saying "I am doing a disgraceful thing and I know it"; Lord HERSCHELL more cheerfully, "After all, my Lords, perhaps the thing I am doing is not quite so disgraceful as it looks." Lord HALSBURY followed his successor and was well even with him. The Bishop of RIPON, whom we do not regard with indiscriminate admiration, was fresh and good. Then, after some others, Lord SALISBURY rose, and it is to be presumed that the ears of the Government speakers felt a premonitory tingle. They had cause to do so. He had them up in a row and poured precious balms on their successive heads with a diligent and dispassionate unction very edifying and cheering to see. Perhaps Lord RIBBLESDALE had the largest share in this agreeable *revue* (to give that word the special sense which it has in the lighter French theatre), but no man lacked a liberal portion. Lord SALISBURY, however, by no means committed the mistake of which his successor at the Foreign Office had been guilty the night before. His sarcasm was only the prelude to a speech of admirable seriousness, turning the Bill inside out, making striking reference to the fact that it had passed by thirty-four, and that, at the moment, there were thirty-eight men sitting in the House of Commons on whom the judgment of the Special Commission passed what in reason and in justice was a verdict of "incivism" and criminal conspiracy. He wound up with the proper note to the effect that those who failed to vote against the Bill would be "untrue to the Empire of England." After Lord KIMBERLEY had done what he could, the division came, and by 419 to 41 ("Only twenty men" And one and twenty pipers" for the larger half were placemen) the Peers of Great Britain and Ireland cast the Home Rule Bill of 1893 into the dustbin, its proper place now that burning by the hangman has gone out.

Commons. This division took place at a quarter to one, and at almost exactly the same time the Commons concluded a sufficiently useful evening of miscellaneous debate on Supply, which had been preceded by some rather desultory talk on the colliery riots.

Saturday saw the first of the special Supply sittings, in which a certain number of votes were chiefly closed through Committee, the Chairman displaying more good-will than discretion in the process. The subjects of discussion ranged wide, as a matter of course; but, perhaps, there was nothing more noteworthy than Mr. BALFOUR'S protest against the fetish of competitive examination, and Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S reply that he would rather, *ceteris paribus*, have an officer who can spell than one who cannot. Who would not? If Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN was serious, which we trust may be doubted, that mysterious action of Gladstonitis on the brain which has already made wrecks of Mr. BRYCE and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, and has grievously affected Mr. MORLEY, must be creeping over him too. *Ceteris paribus* is a blessed phrase, no doubt. But when you don't examine to see whether the *cetera* are *paria*, and do examine to see whether the spelling is *impar*, the relevance of its blessedness is obscure.

Lords. On Monday Lord DENMAN took Women's Suffrage under his wing in the Lords. But the wing of Lord DENMAN is not so safe a place of rest as ABRAHAM'S bosom, and the motion was negatived without a division.

Commons. The Commons had a military night, after questions affecting, among other things, the two great plagues of the moment, the cholera and the colliers. The matter which has been for some time buzzed over, under the name of the Cordite Scandal (in a fashion which has been apt to suggest to elderly hands that there is "boodle" somewhere, or the loss of boodle, or the disappointed expectation of boodle, or something else boodlish), was brought up and rather summarily set down again. Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Mr. STANHOPE concurred in pooh-poohing the notion of anything wrong, and the motion was not pushed to a division. On the subject of the Aldershot Command, grumblers received even worse handling; but of this more elsewhere.

Lords. The Royal Assent was given to several Bills in the House of Lords on *Tuesday*.

Commons. The Commons had a comparatively quiet day over the Army Estimates, and finished them, receiving the announcement of the QUEEN's intention to decorate deserving Volunteer non-commissioned officers. Nothing much happened at question time, though the toad-eaters of "Labour" tried once more to please their patrons by badgering Mr. ASQUITH about what Mr. ATHERLEY JONES, M.P., on the same day called, in Durham, the "wanton butchery of miners by 'soldiery.'" If this is the price at which Mr. JONES sets the small fragment of his conscience which he recently put at the disposal of the Unionist party, he may have it back again. It was never a very precious acquisition, and at this price is not to be thought of.

Wednesday was mainly, though not wholly, a Scotch day, and things Caledonian were discussed, from the "ESSLEMONT scandal," great and tall, to the Edinburgh professional waiter who complains that Government messengers interlope, and permit him not to enjoy his undisturbed place of hyssop on the wall. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, of course, took the part of Mr. ESSLEMONT, and very likely does not see anything discreditable in that person's conduct, while Mr. MARJORIBANKS made some interesting confessions showing that he was art and part in the matter. But the most important up-come of the discussion was the position which was laid down by Mr. BALFOUR, and which ought to be the ruling on the whole subject, that under no circumstances whatever should persons holding permanent Government appointments take part in political and election meetings.

Ireland succeeded Scotland on *Thursday*, but not very much came of Mr. T. W. RUSSELL's announced attack on the Government, nor perhaps could much have been expected to come. The plea of Mr. MORLEY and his friends that Ireland was never so quiet is of course the merest absurdity, for when the knaves are the Government's very honest friends, and are hoping for a huge largesse from it, they are not likely to spoil sport by being too actively knavish; but everybody is weary of the matter just now.

Politics out of Parliament. Some interest, but little doubt, was felt as to the way in which Gladstonians were to take their kicking at the feet of the Peers. As was expected, there was a little bad language, but a most magnanimous and unanimous resolve that the wicked Lords should never, oh never, "force a dissolution" on the people they have flouted. It is true that there is no conceivable means of finding out whether the people have been flouted or not, except by "going to" them. But, then, it would be so exceedingly awkward if they answered in the wrong way. And to speak the plain unvarnished truth, there is not a Gladstonian in the country with the slightest political knowledge who does not know that "going to the country" now would mean a thumping Unionist majority, and another six years' certain exclusion from office. Better hang on, and trust to working up a cry against the Lords on something else. Meanwhile it is extremely interesting to know, on the authority of the *Freeman's Journal*, that "the British electorate is wild" with the Lords. It may be so to Irish eyes, which "see red" naturally; all we can say is, that to English ones the electorate appears to conceal its wildness with powers of dissimulation quite unsuspected.

Mr. Alderman TILLET in the Dockers' Congress at Bristol declared that the fetching in troops by magistrates in case of riot was "a suspension of democratic government." But surely even "democracy" must make up its mind which it will do, govern or riotously loot. If it governs, it had better abstain from riotous

looting; and if it loots and riots, that interesting occupation is of so absorbing a character that it can hardly leave "democracy" time for governing as well. Even Mr. TILLET must, we feel sure, admit the sweetness and reason of this very moderate argument. But, perhaps, "one thing at a time" is as much out of date as other fossil formulæ.

Early in the week it was announced that the return of Mr. RADCLIFFE COOKE for Hereford was to be petitioned against. Whereat there were those who chuckled. Nor was the chuckle without reason, for a day or two later it was announced that the petition was withdrawn, both Sir JOSEPH PULLEY and the Gladstonian whips being "unfavourable" to it. We believe that.

The threateners or assaulters of Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Mr. BRODRICK for the supposed delinquencies of the War Office were "justified" on *Thursday*. Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's man got a year's imprisonment with hard labour, but Mr. BRODRICK's was let off on his own recognizances and one surety.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. It was announced last week that the foreign ships of war at Rio had conspired to take the rather unsportsmanlike step of forbidding the bombardment of Rio by the revolted squadron. The first cheering note in reference to our attitude in Siam was struck by the news that Mr. J. G. SCOTT, Superintendent of the Northern Shan States, had been ordered to Bangkok to assist the British Minister there. "Shway Yoe" (as Mr. SCOTT is known to literature) is emphatically the right man in the right place there.

The selling of Government Bills under the sixteen-penny ratio, and the machinations of the Cow Protection Societies, in India; the reception of the Russian fleet, and the extreme iniquity of the Royal Niger Company (which objects to French explorers alternately making treaties about and ravaging its own district), in France; the conviction (quite serious, we believe) of the German EMPEROR that Alsace-Lorraine can but be happy when it is ruled by him; and the rather uncomfortable position of the Brazilian fleet, which is not allowed to land and cannot get out to sea, were the chief items of Monday's foreign news.

On *Tuesday* morning there was talk of coal strikes both in France and Belgium, the report of EMIN Pasha's death was further confirmed, it was said that Colonel YATE, the British envoy *ad hoc* in Afghanistan, had settled the dispute about the use of the Khushk water, and there was more of the German EMPEROR's sanguineness about Lorraine.

On *Wednesday* morning there was good news from Uganda, the anticipated Mahomedan outbreak, which had recalled Sir GERALD PORTAL from his sojourn on the coast, had been put down, though headed by SELIM BEY, before Sir GERALD arrived, by Captain MACDONALD, the Catholic and Protestant parties acting together, and the Soudanese-Egyptian troops remaining loyal to the English. This shows the good effects of Sir GERALD's visit, and the sound nature of the *modus vivendi* he has established. There were fresh rumours of trouble with the Matabele, and the Congo State authorities at Brussels contradicted the alleged disasters to the VAN KERCKHOVEN expedition, though not denying the death of that officer. They also declared that the authority of the State was established in districts where it has no business, and whence, unless Lord ROSEBURY's *morbus Indo-Sinensis* has increased on him, he will warp it off. There had been considerable fighting in Rio Bay, where the insurgent fleet appeared to be practically locked up.

The extreme untrustworthiness of all Brazilian news since Brazil became a Republic has been notorious, and it was not surprising to read on *Wednesday* afternoon intelligence, directly contradicting that noticed

above, to the effect that the Fleet was going to bombard, that one fort had actually come over, and so on. The Chicago Exhibition was said to have achieved a loss to date of about twelve million dollars—quite a creditably big thing. The Austrian Government had been forced by the turbulence of the Young Czech party to put Prague under “coercion.” News from Afghanistan and Mashonaland was good; but the French were once more exciting themselves about the Royal Niger Company, on whom they have let loose a frank filibuster in the person of Lieutenant MIZON. If anybody does not know the facts he may find them in Lord ABERDARE’s letter to the *Times* of Thursday.

Yesterday morning Brazilian news was evidently doctored or suppressed to a hopeless extent, and there was not much other foreign intelligence.

Trade-Unionism in Theory and Practice. Less active rioting was reported at the end of last week, though the attitude of the Yorkshire colliers was still thoroughly lawless. Meanwhile at Belfast Mr. JOHN BURNS was laying it down that “there is only one religion, the cause of Labour.” From which it follows that all who are outside Labour, which in Mr. BURNS’s sense is a large minority if not a large majority of mankind, are without the pale. This Labour Calvinism is very interesting and instructive.

By Monday morning the strikes in South Wales and North Staffordshire were reported at an end. The Midlands were still “out”; but large forces of military and police were hindering what the Trade-Union Congress calls the “freedom of labour”—that is to say, in coarse legal language, arson, assault, battery, larceny, &c. The Congress itself had wept over the “workmen” (*lege* “rioters”) at Pontefract who had been fired at, and Mr. JOHN BURNS had had to drive as hard as he could to get out of the way of the population of Belfast, who regard a Home Ruler much as he does a capitalist. Which incident, since he got away with whole bones, we may be excused for regarding with considerable amusement. The conviction that there is “only one religion,” to wit, your own particular cause, only one ethical standard, to wit, your own personal interest, and only one intellectual test, to wit, your own crotchets and your own sciolism, frequently exposes a man to these little *contretemps*.

Items on Tuesday were not very numerous, but two were noticeable. Mr. PICKARD, M.P., thought it well to observe that the troops, “though they could not beat the Zulus,” could fire on his Yorkshire looting friends, and in a certain village the colliers threatened to smash the window of a tradesman who showed oil stoves for sale.

The Federation was to meet on Thursday, but the hearts of the Midland miners were described as still hardened. In the inquests on the Ackton Colliery rioters one jury, while refusing to bring in a verdict of murder or manslaughter, showed a very contemptible sympathy with the knaves who make riots and the fools who go to gape at them; the other returned “justifiable homicide,” as was meet.

Yachting. A stiff breeze and rough sea promised an interesting race for the third contest of the International Yacht Match yesterday week. But the *Navahoe*, which seems to resemble those other shes whose “things” are always going wrong, somehow split her mainsail. She had actually started, and the *Britannia* might, had she chosen, have sailed over, and thereby won the match, which was for the best of five. But Mr. JAMESON, who represented the PRINCE, very properly refused to do so, and the race stood over for Monday.

The race thus postponed came off on Monday in the Solent over a course variously estimated at from fifty to sixty miles, in the teeth at first of a sharp easterly breeze. The *Britannia*, though she split her foresail

at the last, beat the *Navahoe* on almost every point of sailing, and won the race and the cup by fifteen minutes. It was announced that the *Vigilant* had been chosen in America, after divers trial races, to face the *Valkyrie* for the America Cup.

The race of Tuesday for the Brenton-Reef Cup from the Needles to Cherbourg and back was extraordinarily close and interesting, being sailed very fast throughout on a sort of “soldier’s wind,” blowing down Channel. There was no time allowance (which, it must be remembered, was a distinct advantage for the *Navahoe*), and the start was of the flying kind, any difference to be allowed for at the finish. The *Britannia* thus had fifty-four seconds to the good at the first, to the bad at the finish, and after a neck and neck race across the Channel she led at that finish by fifty-seven seconds, winning by the narrow interval. Mr. CARROLL, however, lodged a protest on the ground that, the mark-boat having been moved during the night, his yacht had been exposed to an unfavourable angle at the finish; and on this rather technical ground the authorities gave her the prize. The *Navahoe* has always sailed pluckily, and on this occasion sailed extremely well, so that it is a pity she should not have won more distinctly on the merits.

Cricket. Hastings followed Scarborough, and at the end of last week the Australians there played their last match against a good South of England team, which beat them by six wickets.

A second match at Hastings finished the first-class cricket season, *coda* and all, for good. The play was between strong North and South sides, the former winning by 25 runs. The season so ended has (a matter of course considering the weather) been a very good one. Two batsmen, Mr. STODDART and GUNN, have made more than 2,000 runs apiece.

The British Association. The British Association met at Nottingham, on Wednesday, and some account of Dr. BURDON SANDERSON’s Presidential address will be found elsewhere. It was a pity that it was preluded by the everlasting “Give! Give!” which makes the profane call Science not a daughter of the horseleech, but the horseleech itself. Men of letters and men of art do not clamour for State cash in this way, while neither have any chance either of the enormous profits which now and then come to scientific persons as patent owners, or of the steadily increasing endowment of such persons under the modern system of local government.

Miscellaneous. The Opium Commission met for the first time yesterday week, and the Welsh Land Commission has also been sitting.—Sir HORACE DAVEY, an extremely unsuccessful politician, but a very good lawyer, was appointed in Lord Justice BOWEN’s room this week.

Obituary. At the end of last week the deaths were reported of Mr. JEROME [PATTERSON] BONAPARTE, who was a sort of curiosity of history, of Mr. HAMILTON FISH, an American politician of old standing, and of Mr. MORGAN LLOYD and Colonel BLACKBURNE, well-known Parliament men in their day.—We regret extremely to chronicle the sudden death of Surgeon-Major PARKE, who, after doing excellent service with the Khartoum relief force, accompanied Mr. STANLEY on the EMIN Relief Expedition, and won himself therein an absolutely unchequered record for courage, devotion to the sick, endurance of the extremest hardships both of hunger and disease, professional skill, and intelligent interest in the scientific questions which presented themselves. Dr. PARKE not only wrote a singularly modest and interesting account of his journey, but composed divers learned papers on it, especially one on the composition &c. of the pigmy arrow-poison; and we quite recently had to notice an extremely useful

medical guide of his for African and other travellers. He was, we believe, as likeable personally as he was publicly estimable, and his early loss to the service to which he belonged is one of the greatest brought about by an expedition singularly fertile in such losses.—General DE MIRIBEL, nominally Chief of the Staff, was really Commander-in-Chief of the French army. In his youth he had served with credit in the Crimea, Italy, and Mexico, and had taken a share in the defence of Paris. His great abilities were recognized no less than sixteen years ago by the appointment of Chief of the Staff, and though Republican jealousy and suspicion more than once intermitted his tenure of it, he was as often re-appointed, and may be said to have been practically the author of the whole present military organization of France. He thus had time and power to carry out what Marshal NIEL was foiled by lack of both in trying to do a quarter of a century ago.—General DAUBENY had distinguished himself very gallantly in the Crimea.

THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND.

EXCEPT for one consideration (which we shall take the liberty of postponing for a moment), the debate of Monday night on the appointment of the Duke of CONNAUGHT to the Aldershot Command was wholly satisfactory. It showed that the consensus of military opinion (we should, indeed, except that JOMINI-MOLTKE, Major RASCH) is in favour of the appointment. It exhibited once more, in a more detailed and popular way, the reasons which long ago justified that appointment to all well-informed persons. And most of all it showed, in the most satisfactory and convincing manner, the utterly miserable quality of the objections and objectors to it.

Mr. DALZIEL, the mover, was good enough to disclaim, with some ambiguity in his speech, and afterwards unequivocally to Colonel WARDE, any objections to the Duke as a member of the Royal Family. Perhaps the best retort to this would be one famous in literature, "You don't stick at trifles, Mr. DALZIEL." But if we are to stand very much on ceremony, and to accept disclaimers of this kind as of course *bonâ fide*, it is sufficient to point out first that Mr. DALZIEL practically contradicted himself, for he added that his objection was that "he believed un-*due* favour had been shown," and secondly, that if the objection is not to the QUEEN'S son, as the son of his mother, it is absolutely impossible to conceive any reason for it at all. Officer after officer has in the past been appointed to this command whose services were not in the least degree more distinguished, and were very much less varied, than those of the Duke of CONNAUGHT. These appointments were not made the subject of discussion in the House of Commons, and if we exercise that childlike faculty of ignoring with which HER MAJESTY'S judges are supposed to be endowed, and dismiss from our minds any reminder of the fact that the Duke of CONNAUGHT is the son of the QUEEN of England, we can only ask what in the name of wonder all this fuss is about? For it is the case of an officer who during five and twenty years has passed through and is intimately acquainted with the work of every branch of the service, who has held high command already both in India and in England, who has led a brigade in the field, and in whose conduct all the watchful criticism of persons who, like Mr. DALZIEL, "have no objections" to him as Royal Duke, has been unable to find any blots. Indeed, Mr. DALZIEL might almost be left to the comment of the pressmen on his own side, who, either in an unwonted fit of candour or to glorify Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, have confessed that he "knocked the bottom out of his own case."

Trumpery and tell-tale, however, as was Mr. DALZIEL'S attack, it was formidable and ingenious compared to the supporting movement of Mr. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS MORTON, who became intensely military for the occasion. Mr. MORTON is profoundly dissatisfied with the Duke's position at Tel-el-Kebir, and he is in a position to inform "military gentlemen opposite" that they "know nothing about it." It is true that at least two honourable members happened to have been on the spot, and that Mr. MORTON was not. It is true that he seems, as was pointed out to him, to be in a state of profound confusion between Tel-el-Kebir and Kassassin. It is further true, as Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN (in a fashion which did more than a little gild his exploit the other night about spelling) pointed out, that the notions of ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS about the duties of a general exhibit a queer *pot-pourri* of ideas drawn from General BOULANGER on his black charger, DAVID and GOLIATH, TAILLEFER at the Battle of Hastings, BRUCE and BOHUN, and that kind of thing—a *pot-pourri* unexpectedly Jingo and Romantic, but not quite up to date. But these little details were all subservient to the exhibition of Mr. MORTON, with a brilliancy uncommon even in him, as the very pattern and type at once of the Radical, who, himself possessing neither merit nor brains, cries out against "privilege" and favouritism, and of the political prig who is positive that he only "knows," and that some one is endeavouring to "put upon him" for all his knowledge. That the ill-mannered chatter about Lord ROBERTS was repeated by men who have not the slightest right to mention Lord ROBERTS'S name in the matter, and to whom on another, or even the same, day, he would be an example of wicked military Jingoism—was a comparatively minor matter. The really important thing is, that the sham Republicans who gingerly air their principles on votes in Supply, the twopenny-halfpenny "citizens," the pinchbeck ROBESPIERRES had their field-day and could find nothing but the blankest of cartridge to fire.

This is all as it should be; but there is one thing that should not. What manner of Englishman or Scotsman can it be who votes for persons like Mr. DALZIEL and Mr. MORTON and the egregious Mr. CONYBEARE—to whom we hear without surprise that Mr. GLADSTONE humbly apologised for vindicating the SPEAKER'S position against his insolence? It is unpleasant to feel that there is apparently a certain number of one's countrymen to whom a silly and vulgar insult to persons in authority or position, a trumpery "protest" against privilege, is a passport to confidence and admiration. However, it is cheering to remember that we have always had this kind of cattle with us, and that no party has the monopoly of them. Sir JOHN FENWICK thought it heroic to cock his hat in Queen MARY'S face, and Mr. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS MORTON, secure from the penalties of various kinds that Sir JOHN, to do him justice, faced and found, probably feels at least an equal sense of heroism in hinting to the Duke of CONNAUGHT that he is afraid of bullets.

HIGHLAND FISHING INNS.

MISFORTUNE, and Highland inns, bring a man acquainted with strange bedfellows, and other melancholy matters. The Highland inn is of all sorts, and many sizes, perhaps the bigger the worse, or the smaller the better. There are huge caravanserais, wherein you seem to be in a dingier and less exhilarating Switzerland. They are planted beside railways, as near lochs as possible, and contain some hundreds of guests, from Glasgow mainly, if we may judge by accent, and the speech that bewrays

a man. Every Highland inn makes some kind of pretence of providing fishing; the bigger the hotel the worse the sport, as a general rule. The talk is chiefly of trout; "Sur les mœurs de la truite on n'est pas fixé," says a French authority. If there is no certainty on the matter it is not for want of discussion. The great problem of the Highland hotel is, "Why don't they take?" for they never do take; "that you may lay to." Either there has been no rain, or there has been too much rain, or "they are ex-peckin' mair rain," or there is no breeze, or there is a mighty rushing wind. A spirit of discontent broods over the angling inmates of the Highland hotel; their lives are full of seriousness because they cannot catch fish enough, or, for that matter, fish at all. Sad-visaged men tell you that five years ago salmon were more common than tiny trout are to-day. Whence this decline, and wherefore, in a sheet of water about as big as Rutlandshire, have fish become so scanty or so crafty? The badge and symbol of Hope should be, not an anchor, but a fishing-rod. There are so many of these being carried uselessly about the country that a person of any delicacy blushes to be seen with the badge of sanguine futility in his possession. Even if he is travelling from the seat of a duke of many salmon to a marquess of many sea-trout, he feels that his rod marks him out as one of a credulous multitude, the eternally disappointed children of WALTON. These men work far more than an eight-hour day on the face of the loch, under wind and rain, without a single chance of catching three pounds' weight of fish. They toil, like St. PETER and his brethren; and, like them, to no result. This affects the temper, begets pessimism, bad language, and a scowling humour of discontent. Such men find nothing good, and are apt to murmur at the toughness of the hotel mutton, and that strange quality of hotel whiskey, which tastes as if it had been strained through the oil used for anointing machinery. Mr. LOUIS STEVENSON has publicly blasphemed against the whiskey sold in the county of Hampshire. It is better than some that is vended in the inns of Argyleshire, at all events; even as there are trout in Hants, but none in hotel waters much bigger, deeper, and more picturesque. The female anglers bear up against disappointment more bravely, on the whole, than the males. They are now a large and pertinacious tribe; they may be seen in waders splashing about from Yarrow to Cape Wrath. The persons most of all to be pitied, perhaps, are the gillies. Though expensive, thirsty, and futile, they are not unfaithful, and would dearly love to see somebody catch something. But they live for a season on the memory of having assisted at the death of one casual salmon, "a transient brute" of unwontedly credulous disposition. It is a shame for angry anglers to abuse the gillies; it is not their fault "whateffer"; they cannot make salmon come and be killed; neither are they responsible for optimistic advertisements. With better reason the anglers hate each other, scowling at each newcomer as a rival and an interloper. This they do, not unnaturally, where there is only water for two rods in some scarcely accessible island; and lo! there are thirty fishers waiting for their turn! People would be far happier if, even at Highland inns, they would live for scenery and sentiment, burying their rods as deep as PROSPERO sunk his wand. For, as to fishing, you might as well, and hopefully for the most part, fish in a dry skittle-alley as on hotel lochs and rivers. These might be utilized, if the law permits, for drowning German waiters in; here the gillies would, perhaps, lend a helping hand with no great reluctance.

HOW THE GLADSTONIANS TAKE IT.

IT is easy to say that the Gladstonians, face to face with the unanimously approved rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords, cut a highly ridiculous figure; easy to say, and impossible to deny. What is not easy, is to point out how this was to be avoided, and what is quite possible of denial is that it was avoidable at all. Let the Unionist who has been indulging in thoughtless merriment over Mr. GLADSTONE's plight during the past week seriously consider the situation. The House of Lords has ignominiously kicked out a measure brought in by him, in alleged execution of a certain "mandate" which he professes to have received from the constituencies. Now, assuming, for the purposes of the argument, that such a mandate was in fact received by him, the measure in question was either a *bonâ fide* fulfilment thereof or it was not. If it was, the clear and unquestionable duty of the mandatary is to appeal at once to the constituencies for such a reaffirmation of their will as would overbear the opposition of the House of Lords. If it was not, or if it be contended, as it is contended, that it was not, then also it is no less clearly the duty of the Gladstonians to refer that issue to the constituencies, and to pray judgment from them on the question whether the Home Rule Bill did or did not give effect to their wishes; so that in the former case the necessary authority might be brought to bear, as above described, on the House of Lords, and in the latter case the Government and the party who have misinterpreted the commission and abused the powers given to them by the electorate might submit themselves to the censure and punishment they would have incurred. In other words, upon every hypothesis which can be associated with the Gladstonian theory of the mandate given to them to introduce a Home Rule Bill, the Government came under a distinct obligation to advise HER MAJESTY to dissolve Parliament at the earliest convenient date.

Such being the situation, what is the proper attitude to be adopted by a Government which simply dare not tender to the Sovereign the advice in question by reason of their firm conviction that the inevitable result of doing so would be overwhelming electoral disaster? It is obvious that this question admits of no satisfactory answer, and that the Government are in effect shut up to a choice between two unsatisfactory lines of action. They must either "sit tight" and say nothing, or they must invent some more or less inadequate pretext for repudiating their constitutional obligations. It was open to them and to their party to choose one or other of these two courses, but hardly to adopt both. As a matter of fact, however, that is what they have done; or rather, to speak with strict accuracy, the Government have adopted one of them, and their party the other. Mr. GLADSTONE has wisely enough preferred to sit tight and say nothing; his organs in the press and his wirepullers in the provinces have elected to indulge in feeble girdings at the House of Lords and to justify themselves for their cowardly shirking of the challenge thrown down to them by excuses of the most puerile kind. As between the two latter, however, the prize for maladroitness and indiscretion is not difficult to award. The Gladstonian journalist has been ridiculous enough; but he has not gone out of his way like the Gladstonian wirepuller to make himself gratuitously absurd. He made a very bad start, it is true, last Monday, with his opening remark that, though "the question of self-government for Ireland is a most important one, there is one more important still, the question of self-government for the United Kingdom." It was a bad start, because it immediately suggests the reflection that there is a third very important question, to wit, "the question of self-government for Great Britain"; and

that Mr. GLADSTONE'S unsuccessful attempt to settle this question in the Ninth Clause of the now defunct Bill forms the weightiest of all the many reasons for the reluctance of the Gladstonians to face the constituencies of that country whose government their leader coolly proposed to hand over to eighty Irish members. Having, however, pulled himself together after this little slip, the Gladstonian journalist drifted off into discreetly vague abuse of the House of Lords. It was abuse under difficulties—abuse which had to confine itself strictly to street-boy methods, and to such elegant strokes of satire as that of describing the Archbishop of CANTERBURY as “better known as the “father of the author of *Dodo*.” But the writer showed an eminently judicious determination to keep clear of particulars, and a quite creditable appreciation of the necessity for refraining from any direct indictment of the proceedings of the House of Lords. We must therefore assume him to have perceived that to enlarge upon the enormity of resisting the popular will in the same breath with a refusal to bring the offender promptly to the bar of popular justice would be a mere wanton advertisement of the insincerity of his accusations and the conscious weakness of his case.

But with the appearance of the Gladstonian wire-puller on the scene the position of the party has changed distinctly for the worse. Mr. SCHNADHORST enjoys the reputation of a “smart man,” and it is considered heresy, even in the camp of his opponents, to suggest so much as a doubt of his knowing his own business; but, nevertheless, a more ludicrous document than the circular just addressed by the National Liberal Federation to its Federated Associations has seldom been framed. All allowance should be made for the strength of these gentlemen's natural inclinations towards mendacity; but really they might be expected as mere men of business to see that falsehood is valuable as a means only, and not as an end in itself, and that there are occasions when it may serve worse than the truth. To insinuate that the Home Rule Bill, which was so carefully concealed from the country by Mr. GLADSTONE until he was safe in office, has been subjected “for seven years to a discussion in the constituencies, “more full, more thorough, and more sustained, than “was ever before given to a political proposal,” is in the abstract, no doubt, a most creditable specimen of the *suggestio falsi*; but it is about the last assertion that it is to the interest of the Federation to make. For if it were the fact that the House of Lords had rejected a Bill which had been discussed in this exhaustive fashion by the constituencies for seven years, it would be inexplicable folly on the part of the Gladstonians to delay an unnecessary hour in appealing to the constituencies for an indignant protest against the rejection of the measure so approved by them, if not for the “mending and ending” of the Legislative body which had thus affronted them. It is through their failure to perceive this that Mr. SCHNADHORST and the other three “political outfitters” from Tooley Street have so frankly exposed themselves to ridicule. A little more either of the practical wisdom which we have some right to expect from them, or of the delicacy which it would be perhaps unreasonable to look for, would have suggested to them that, as a general rule, it is not judicious on the part of a man who does not intend to resent the insult to direct attention pointedly to the circumstance that he has been kicked. It is a mistake to suppose that the dignity of such a situation can be saved by a mere threat to avenge wounded honour at some future day—“before long,” as the manifesto ludicrously puts it. “A time *will* come,” “but no matter!” is an utterance which has ceased to be impressive even in melodrama. Moreover, during the period of its greatest vogue, it was accompanied by

certain “business,” which in this instance has been entirely neglected. The invariable “stage direction” in this case was to “dissemble,” and Mr. SCHNADHORST and his colleagues have not dissembled. They have revealed their difficulties and their perplexity with unconsciously amusing candour, and a little below their delightfully comic warning to the House of Lords, that they “may” have to mend or end that branch of the Legislature “before long,” they have struck out another sentence almost as exquisitely droll.

“For the present,” they say, “we entirely reject the “pretension of the Peers to the right to force a dissolution, and we look with confidence to the Government to go forward with those reforms for which the “country is waiting.” “Sir,” said the injured citizen to the man who had wronged him, “you have rendered “yourself liable to me in damages to an amount “which would reduce you to beggary, and enrich me “for the rest of my life. But I entirely reject your “pretension to the right to force me into litigation “with you. I shall waive my claim against you, “and confine my attention to other matters.” This is what the magnanimous National Liberal Federation have said in effect to the House of Lords, and what, it should seem, they innocently regard as likely to impress the Gladstonian groundling. He is invited, this Gladstonian groundling, to take no notice of the nasty rude Peers, but to assist the Government to carry the Newcastle programme—with the magnificent working majority of thirty odd votes. Mr. SCHNADHORST is supposed to know his groundling *comme sa poche*, which, indeed, is understood to have long been this harmless, docile creature's abode. And knowing him, he may know that there is no danger of his putting inconvenient questions. But if he *were* to ask why he should attack the Newcastle programme with this wretched handful of less than three-dozen men, when a delay of six weeks or so for a general election would give him, according to Gladstonian theory, a thumping majority for Newcastle Programme, Home Rule, “mending-or-ending,” or what not else—if, we say, he *were* to ask this question of Mr. SCHNADHORST, now what would Mr. SCHNADHORST reply?

THE CRICKET SEASON.

WITH the last Australian match, and the North and South match at Hastings, the cricket of the year has been brought to a close, and the records of what is considered first-class cricket completed. In this category are included the principal matches of the two Universities, the encounters of the M.C.C. with the leading counties, the contests of North against South, Gentlemen against Players, the Australian matches, and the series of double matches interchanged by the nine first-class counties, which constitute, in the opinion of the judicious, the most interesting, as it is—when an Australian team is not in the country—the most representative exhibition of English cricket. The season has been exceptionally brilliant, and at the same time remarkably satisfactory from the point of view of the lover of the game. A dry and hot summer is generally favourable to run-getting, and the summer of 1893—the finest summer since 1887, perhaps since 1868—has proved no exception to the rule. Yet it has not been wholly a batsman's year, or a year of prodigious individual scores and of baffled bowling. There have been no batsmen credited with over 200 in an innings, as in past summers; and the bowlers have held their own—the bowling averages making quite as striking a demonstration of skill as the batting averages. In spite of the true and hard wickets general throughout

the season, the tables of averages of the Australian cricketers, as of English cricketers, prove conclusively that the science of bowling has suffered no deterioration. The popular view of the question has been put out of countenance this year, which is a highly agreeable result for all who regard cricket as a game, and not as a spectacle for the ignorant crowd that loves big scores and applauds big hits only. Those would-be innovators, who appear regularly at the close of each season, and this year are eagerly advising an increase of the amateur element in county cricket, would do well to study the instructive tables of averages. Great things have been done with the bat, and the run-making, in the aggregate, has been something astonishing. Mr. STODDART has made over 2,000 runs, and so has GUNN. There is practically nothing to choose between those two performers. Dr. W. G. GRACE, in previous years, has compassed the same feat, and more than once. But he has never compiled this enormous aggregate with a rival close upon him. These two examples of high scoring in one season are sufficient to make the cricket of 1893 memorable. Then there are twelve other batsmen who have made over 1,000 runs apiece, five of whom are professional players—namely, SHREWSBURY, WARD, BEAN, SUGG, and FLOWERS, the amateurs being Messrs. F. S. JACKSON, RASHLEIGH, W. G. GRACE, W. W. READ, HEWETT, MURDOCH, and NEWHAM. The disparity revealed by this comparison does not indicate a very decisive superiority in batting on the part of the amateurs. If, however, we take the batting averages that range above thirty runs, the amateurs show to considerable advantage. Averages over forty are shared equally between the two classes of players, and honours may be said to be divided between Messrs. STODDART and JACKSON and GUNN and SHREWSBURY. But of the seven batsmen that figure in the averages between thirty and forty, one only—ALBERT WARD—is a professional. Thus the amateur batsmen undoubtedly outnumber the professional in the more weighty averages, which is, of course, a more significant fact than their preponderance in the list of averages below twenty.

But the race for supremacy in cricket is not to the unsupported batsman. Yorkshire, which made the smallest aggregate of runs in the county contest, is the champion county. Middlesex, Sussex, and Nottingham made over one thousand runs each more than the Yorkshire total; but Yorkshire held the superior bowling power, and played eight, and sometimes nine, professional men in the eleven. The bowling achievements of HEARNE for Middlesex and of HUMPHREYS for Sussex, wonderful as they have been, did not suffice to win the first two places in the county contest for the two strongest batting counties in England, since they were practically unsupported efforts. Yet where would these counties have been if they could not have commanded the services of these two professional bowlers throughout the season? Mr. C. M. WELLS is the only amateur bowler who is conspicuous for success in the bowling averages, Mr. KORTRIGHT's seventeen wickets being too small an item to call for comparison. There are ten bowlers credited with over one hundred wickets apiece, and all the ten are professional cricketers. Of the sixteen bowlers whose wickets were gained at an average cost of less than seventeen runs, fourteen are professional players, Messrs. WELLS and KORTRIGHT being the only amateurs in the company. The superiority here indicated more than outweighs the superiority of amateur batting. It is idle, therefore, to talk of playing county cricket, or any kind of first-class cricket, through a season with amateurs only. Turning to the Australian season, it is evident that this year's eleven has proved strong in all points of the game; stronger, indeed, than any eleven that has visited England within the last ten years. Of the

thirty-six matches played, the Australians won exactly one-half, lost ten, and left eight undecided. If this result appears less striking than many persons had anticipated, and the averages of the leading batsmen are small compared with those of the leading English players, it must be remembered that the Australians enjoyed small opportunities of rest. Messrs. LYONS, TROTT, BRUCE, and GRAHAM played from eight to ten innings more than the chief English cricketers. In Mr. TURNER they undoubtedly possess a bowler of the highest excellence; while Messrs. TRUMBLE, GEORGE GIFFEN, and TROTT were successful supporters of Mr. TURNER. In the great "test" matches with England the Australians scarcely did so well as was anticipated, though in the last encounter at Manchester their determined and brilliant display made the undecided result peculiarly deplorable. Against the counties they were much more successful; and, if they had done nothing else than make the unprecedented score of 843 at Portsmouth against the past members of the Universities, they had earned a fair renown.

A CHECK FROM BOHEMIA.

BOHEMIA has always been a perverse country. It refused to alter its geography to oblige SHAKESPEARE; and now it declines to adapt its politics to the requirements of Mr. GLADSTONE. In this latter respect it is almost as unaccommodating as the last European State to which our illustrious Separatists looked for oratorical material. Bohemia, as far as we can see, might almost as well be Norway. The Gladstonian, it is true, may endeavour to wrest the Bohemian troubles into an argument for his leader's Irish policy, and insist on treating them as a proof that it is not Home Rule, but the unsatisfied desire for it, which is the chief cause of provincial and Particularist unrest. We imagine, however, that this is not a contention which Mr. GLADSTONE himself will adopt with any satisfaction, however the exigencies of controversy may compel his acceptance of it. There can be little doubt that he feels the reverse of grateful to the Young Czech party for their turbulent demonstrations in favour of Bohemian independence, and would personally have much preferred that they should keep quiet, at any rate for a little longer. The pleasure of pointing to another discontented people who merely ask to have "their Constitution"—just as the Irish Nationalists only ask to have "their Parliament"—restored to them, and who, again, like the Irish Nationalists, are so ardently loyal that their other principal demand is to have the EMPEROR crowned King of Bohemia, might, if any other Power had been in question, have had an irresistible charm for Mr. GLADSTONE. But not so when the Power involved is Austria. Austria would be of vastly more service to Mr. GLADSTONE by remaining exempt from all Separatist agitations, and enabling him to go on citing her in his old absurd fashion as an example of a State which had consolidated itself, and secured permanent tranquillity within its borders by one great and statesmanlike experiment in Home Rule.

It is hardly necessary, of course, to observe that the loss of this illustration is of no real importance to Mr. GLADSTONE, because the illustration itself was always absolutely worthless. People who knew more about the Power in question than the statesman whose acquaintance with it was not sufficient to prevent him from formerly speaking of it in terms of wanton insult, afterwards to be atoned for in the language of abject apology, could all along have told him, and, in fact, did tell him, that the settlement with Hungary was a matter not so much of heroic choice as of tragic compulsion; that it did not strengthen, and was not expected to strengthen the Empire which consented

to it, but was simply submitted to by Imperial statesmanship lest worse should befall; and that, so far from its being calculated to satisfy once for all the centrifugal tendencies of the mixed mass of races under Austrian rule, it communicated to them a most dangerous impetus of acceleration. Mr. GLADSTONE'S argument, such as it was, originated apparently in blank ignorance of all this, and has since had to be maintained by obstinate denial of it; so that he cannot now be pleased by an outbreak of disturbance within the Empire which so strikingly attests to the grossness of his delusions on this subject, and so powerfully reinforces their exposure.

However, the best thing—indeed, the only thing—for him to do in present circumstances is to urge upon the Austro-Hungarian Government to try the effect of that well-known remedy known as “a hair of the dog that bit you.” Anything, at any rate, must be better than the hateful policy of “coercion”; and Mr. GLADSTONE must at least be credited with the conviction that it is wrong on their part to prohibit the holding of seditious public meetings, and to restrict the freedom of the press, or, worst of all, to “suspend the law permitting political offenders of all descriptions to be brought before a jury for trial.” A “Young Czech,” against whom such measures as this have to be adopted might as well be an Irish agitator at once, and the sympathies of all good Gladstonians must go forth to those “members of the Reichsrath” who assembled in the restaurant at which a prohibited banquet was to be held, and “refused to disperse” when called upon to do so by a commissioner of “police.” His thoughts must turn fondly to those members of our own Reichsrath who, while they were in Opposition, lent their own respectable, and sometimes official, countenance to the “Young Czechs” of Ireland in their demonstrations against the Government. We confess, indeed, that we cannot but contemplate the parallel with a certain amount of pleasure, especially as regards the pleasing incident which took place when the members of the Reichsrath were greeted by a crowd with shouts of “Our Members are the first to run away from the bayonets.” Surely that smells of our own noble-minded, sedition-mongering Gladstonian member of Parliament “a hundred leagues off.” It might be our admirable and admired SH-W L-F-VRE himself.

THE COAL STRIKE.

IT is an old experience that obstinate men who have embarked on a quarrel will persevere to their own hurt. The Coal Strike in the Midlands is only one instance of this common observation added to many others. It ought by this time to be obvious to the most ignorant of the men that they have no chance of ultimate success. There can be no reasonable doubt that the leaders are perfectly well aware of the fact; but of all men who enter into a quarrel the last to confess themselves wrong are those who have misled others. Nobody need be surprised to see that the most loquacious among the Labour leaders find pressing reasons for keeping out of the Midlands, or, if they do go there, only exert themselves to prolong this ruinous dispute. It may be what some people call cynical to say so; but the one consoling feature of the situation is the disposition of foreign miners to imitate the folly of our own. Since Englishmen will take a course injurious to English industry, it is at least some compensation that foreigners are prepared to follow their example, and so preserve us from damaging competition. There is every sign that we shall have to thank the French and Belgian miners for doing us this service. No sooner did it appear probable that the strike in England would improve the market for their own pro-

duce than the miners in the Pas de Calais and in Belgium have insisted on a material increase in wages. In the case of the French this demand is made quite in the spirit of our own Trade-Unions. The wages of French miners were largely increased in 1888, when prices were good. Though prices have fallen and profits have proportionately diminished, the rate of wages has remained as it was fixed in 1888. Yet though the men have enjoyed the better pay in hard times for the employers, they insist on a further increase now when the English strike offers a chance of good profits. At home and abroad, in fact, the fixed object of the miners appears to be to put every possible obstruction in the way of the profitable conduct of the industry by which they themselves must needs live.

Want may, and probably will, compel the miners of the Midlands to reduce their pretensions considerably, if not to surrender wholly; but it is only too likely that they will return to work with the intention of striking again when a little money has been collected. The astonishing Welsh miner who was heard to declare that the men would revenge themselves on the owners by striking at intervals till they ruined the trade, is, we fear, only one of a great many as unwise as himself. And they have no more wisdom than this to expect from their leaders. A Mr. SIMPSON, who appears to be a local agitator of some influence, has declared at Dewsbury that if the men are defeated now they will wait till the snow is on the ground and then strike again. The prospect of disturbing industry when disturbance will be especially injurious seems to Mr. SIMPSON, and it is to be feared to a large proportion of his hearers, of itself a sufficient justification for striking just when a stoppage of work will do most harm to the men themselves. There is, no doubt, a considerable interval, in this as in other matters, between said and done. But the miners have been so unwise already that we can feel no confidence they will be more prudent in future. It is unhappily too true that almost every speaker to whom they are likely to listen flatters their folly and their violence. We do not wish to attach too much importance to the talk of poor Mr. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM, who has been haranguing the miners in his own inimitable blethering style. But Mr. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM very often only says with a rather daft cleverness in going to the root of the matter what his fellow-agitators bawl over or fumble about in their undistinguished rant. Speaking on the subject of the riots and the intervention of the troops, he laid it down the other day that, since the bulk of the people have made their minds up that the troops have no right to fire except to protect life, this must be considered to be the law. That this is nonsense does not alter the fact that it is a statement of the doctrine which is taken for granted by the whole Labour party. Mr. PICKARD and Mr. ATHERLEY JONES rant clumsily about wanton butchery. Sir CHARLES DILKE and Earl COMPTON insinuate and make half-hearted suggestions, under pretence of putting questions to the HOME SECRETARY. But all in their respective styles are endeavouring to propagate the Trade-Union creed that effective force is not to be used to control strikers engaged in the destruction of property. Mr. ASQUITH has met this attack in his now well-known manner—that is to say, he has done what he is officially bound to do in the way of supplying protection to the collieries; but he has been very careful to assume the tone of a man who is doing as little as he can and that on compulsion. He is all but apologetic. This is not the way to bring home to rioters a sense of the consequences of indulging in arson and the destruction of property. Fortunately for the present the lesson has been taught by the example made at Ackton Hall Colliery. It was given in evidence in the coroner's inquest on the man DUGGAN, who paid so severely for looking on with approval at

the riotous acts of his mates, that when it became clear, none too soon, that the troops were about to fire, he was heard to say, "If that is their — game, 'I am off.'" If the nature of the game which the troops were sent down to play had been demonstrated more emphatically to begin with, it is possible that GIBBS and DUGGAN, and all other GIBBSES and DUGGANS, would have been off sooner. But the folly of paltering with riot is as old a story as the obstinacy of angry men, and is told over and over again to as little purpose.

How long Mr. ASQUITH's trimming between confessing the Trade-Union in word and denying it in deed will be tolerated by one portion of the motley Gladstonian army is a question we may leave the HOME SECRETARY to turn over in his own mind. It is a family matter upon which we can be content not to intrude. What is a very public matter is the proof forthcoming on every side that the disorders in the mining districts have been widely marked by mere plundering and sturdy begging. The case of the Ryhill miners, who were seen shaking sticks over people whom they found on the roads and extorting money from them, is only one example among many. This ugly feature of the strike has, indeed, been so undeniably prominent, that some of the speakers on the side of the men have found it advisable to protest that the blame must be attributed to rowdies, for whose actions the miners are not responsible. We hope they are right, but it must be acknowledged that if this is so the rowdy element is deplorably strong in the mining districts. The miners, too, must on this supposition be singularly indifferent to their own reputation. We hear of no effort on their part to check disorders by which they must themselves suffer, but on the contrary of much encouragement and toleration. Yet the miners have the same right, and, indeed, the same obligation, to stop a riot, as the rest of the lieges. But the discreditable truth is that rowdies were never spoken of till vigorous measures had been taken to restore order. The offenders are miners who are acting under the stimulus of the mischievous language of agitators who have been allowed a scandalous degree of impunity.

It is only too certain that the miners will get no wholesome guidance from such leaders as these, or from volunteers of the stamp of Mr. ATHERLEY JONES, M.P., whose assertion that the soldiers, who behaved with astonishing forbearance, have been guilty of wanton butchery, is neither more nor less than an impudent falsehood. Encouragement to persist in demanding unreasonable terms is what is to be expected. It is not necessary to take it for granted that the owners are always perfectly impartial in their judgment of the trade conditions which call for a reduction in wages. But in this case the owners have put themselves in the right by offering to submit their books to arbitrators. The Miners' Federation, on the other hand, has been throughout equally shift and arrogant. The measure of its honesty was given on the first day of the "Conference" at Nottingham by the vote which declared that the presence of troops and extra police in the disturbed districts is a provocation to disorder. Its persistent effort to conceal the truth that the reduction of twenty-five per cent. is to be made, not on the wages as they have been since the last increase, but on the wages as they were before, ought to put the Union out of court. If these organizations had not cowed public men of all parties, their attempt to tax the country for their exclusive benefit would have been denounced long ago. For this, and nothing less, is the meaning of the pretension that prices are to be fixed by wages, and that wages are to be fixed by the Miners' Federation. The absurdity of the contention ought not to conceal its insolent immorality. Yet

when public men speak on the subject at all it is commonly for the purpose of hampering the HOME SECRETARY in the discharge of his duty to keep order. The boldest rarely go beyond soothing commonplaces, which they endeavour to render as colourless as possible. Nobody points out the undeniable truth that the working-class is itself the greatest sufferer, since the rise in price is always highest in proportion for those who buy in small quantities.

NEWSPAPER LOTTERIES.

THE indefatigable Mr. PEARSON was once more haled last week to the seat of (summary) justice and mulcted in a fine of 20*l.* and 5*l.* costs, for the unlawful holding of a lottery. From the lay point of view we applaud the decision of the bench, for the "contrivance or 'device' which Mr. PEARSON was charged with 'ex-posing' was even more terrible in its nature than that which attained world-wide but ephemeral fame as the "Missing Word Competition." It was called a "Weather Competition," and the nature of it was that everybody was to send to the office of Mr. PEARSON's weekly paper a shilling, together with a "coupon" cut from a copy of the journal in question and inscribed with a prophecy of "the number of hours of bright 'sunshine and the number of rainy days' which would occur in the week following that of the issue of the paper. The money received was to be divided among the more successful prophets, but so (apparently) that no prophet was to get more than 5*l.* Mr. EUSTACE SMITH had professionally advised Mr. PEARSON that this was "a lawful game" because the result of it would "depend upon skill."

The question whether or no this was an unlawful lottery (or little-go, or other crime) was honoured in its decision by a great assemblage of distinguished lawyers. The Chief Magistrate of the Metropolitan District presided; no less a person than the Director of Public Prosecutions, Queen's Proctor, and Solicitor to the Treasury, himself conducted the prosecution on behalf of the Crown, and Mr. MUIR MACKENZIE defended the accused, with the assistance of a well-known Old Bailey junior. And a very pleasant argument this galaxy of legal eminence enjoyed. Sir AUGUSTUS STEPHENSON, having described the *modus operandi*, urged that, contrary to the opinion of Mr. EUSTACE SMITH, the competition was a lottery, depending for its result upon chance, and was, moreover, "likely to 'give men, women, and children a taste for gambling,' which it was the object of the Legislature to put a 'stop to.'" A taste for gambling seems so much less complicated a thing than a taste for calculating the number of hours in a week, and then guessing at the proportion of them which somebody, presumably of a more or less official nature, will declare to have been favoured by "bright sunshine," and is also so much easier to gratify, that Sir AUGUSTUS's mixture of law and public morals can hardly fail to please; but Mr. MUIR MACKENZIE, "on the other part," was still more *réjouissant*. "It was absurd to say," in his opinion, "that children and ignorant persons could possibly 'succeed,' because, 'in order to have any chance 'at all,' competitors must know during how many hours the sun would be above the horizon in the week for which they had to prophesy. Also England was by the plan divided into eleven districts, and each competitor was to prophesy about the one in which he happened to be, so that the scientific person who knew whether or not there were any mountains in his district, and what difference they or their absence made, would have a great pull over the less learned. Moreover, there are cyclones and anti-cyclones, and comprehension of the ways of these

natural marvels would obviously be of the greatest assistance. Therefore the competition was one not of chance, but of skill. It might have been, and very likely was, argued in the "Missing Word" cases that a competitor who had studied the alphabet and was familiar with the use of dictionaries had a great advantage over one who was less favoured. But Sir JOHN BRIDGE made light of these ingenious contentions. He gave it as his opinion, and also as that of "the mass of mankind," that there was "a great deal of chance" about to-morrow's weather. Mr. MACKENZIE, remembering, no doubt, the privilege with which judges have considerably hedged about the utterances of learned counsel doing their office, had the temerity to assert that "the mass of mankind are entirely ignorant," and after so nearly direct an attack upon the opinion just expressed by the magistrate, Sir JOHN BRIDGE would have been more than human if he had not retorted that it was precisely the more or less ignorant mass of mankind to whom Mr. PEARSON'S competition was calculated to appeal.

Of course, if cyclones, and mountains, and the rest of it, could be reckoned upon with any degree of certainty to produce at given times and places the effects which men of science are accustomed to ascribe to them, Mr. MACKENZIE'S argument would have been considerably more cogent than it was, but it is matter of common knowledge that they cannot. Only one course, therefore, was open to Sir JOHN BRIDGE, and he took it unhesitatingly. He further availed himself of the opportunity to make a better joke than often "falls from" the Bench, even in police Courts, though it was not one of the sort that makes the audience giggle, and very likely the "mass" of so much of mankind as was present was ignorant enough to suppose it was meant seriously. The chief magistrate is reported to have said that "as a rule owners of papers were men who were supposed to carry on their business for the good of the public, and not for their own profit." Enough cant, purporting to be in earnest, has been talked and printed on this topic to make the jest a stinging one, and it may be that Sir JOHN BRIDGE felt justified in making it at the defendant's expense, as he was going to let him off with a fine.

AN ORDEAL FOR MINISTERS.

IT has notoriously been the belief of a great many men, in various times and countries, that they have a right to "pay out" heads of departments whenever they have a grievance in regard to their own pay. The conviction is one which has survived many tolerably sharp refutations from red and other judges, and, to judge by the cases of Messrs. DUNN and THOMPSON, is as lively as ever. The first actually assaulted Mr. BRODRICK, and the second threatened Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN with death. Whether it is really a much less serious offence to give an ex-official several blows with a whip, for words used in the House of Commons, than it is to write a letter threatening to murder a Secretary of State for War, we are not altogether sure. Men who are threatened in letters containing the writer's name and address commonly live long, whereas it is very disagreeable to have a "holtercation with a fellow" who hits you with a whip in the streets. Mr. BRODRICK behaved with a self-control which deserves the highest praise, for instead of knocking, or endeavouring to knock, DUNN down, he appealed to the bystanders to know whether there had been an assault. We gather that DUNN vindicated his character with no more vigour than Mr. SWIFT MCNEILL lately did his reputation for personal beauty, otherwise the doubts of Mr. BRODRICK are difficult to account for. On

any other supposition it is equally difficult to think that the COMMON SERJEANT did not take an excessively merciful view of the case when he only bound DUNN over to come up for judgment if called upon. What would be the fate of any DUNN who gave a judge several, even of the mildest, blows with a whip for words spoken in court? Let impartial mankind decide.

The case of THOMPSON and the SECRETARY of STATE for WAR is more interesting. THOMPSON is, for one thing, a proof that a man may fight for his country and yet grow to be a very sinister old ruffian. We do not know that there is much salvation in that truth, or that it is particularly new; but there it is for what it is worth. Then, again, he is a proof that persons who have not the most remote claim to sympathy can repeat all the patter of the injured man as fluently as SHYLOCK could appeal to justice and humanity. The commentator, whose knowledge of human nature is seldom equal to SHAKESPEARE'S, has been known to take the Jew's fine words as proof that he was not meant to be a scoundrel. It may be allowed that SHYLOCK'S grievances were more substantial than THOMPSON'S. The complaint of THOMPSON was that he had been robbed of fivepence a day by the War Office, and the nature of the robbery was this, that, whereas a pension of 9d. a day was given him in 1864 and increased in 1888 to 1s. 2d. a day, he was not allowed the difference between the two sums for the years backward. It would have made a nice lump-sum of a little over ninety pounds. With compound interest—for which, as we note with some surprise, THOMPSON did not ask—it would be still better. He is a man to appreciate a lump-sum. While in Newcastle he ran away with another man's wife and furniture. Whether this was the poor wife whose untimely death through the persecution of the War Office he referred to so feelingly in his letter is not stated. Left to brood in his solitude on his grievances, THOMPSON came to a conclusion which has been reached by many military men who did not serve in the ranks. He convinced himself that to remove the head authorities at the War Office from the surface of the earth would be a good piece of work. The same conviction may be heard expressed with all degrees of vigour of language in clubs and places where half-pay officers congregate. But they confine themselves to advocating the forcible suppression of the War Office in the abstract, while he threatened the six authorities in the concrete, and Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN by name. As he would not desist when warned, it has been necessary to bring him before Mr. Justice LAWRENCE, who has sentenced him to a year's imprisonment with hard labour. It is not too much; and if DUNN appears to have got off too easily, let it be remembered that he was tried before the COMMON SERJEANT. The theory is that you are punished according to your offence, the practice is that you are punished according to your judge.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

SCIENCE itself is not exempt from the law of evolution which it claims to have discovered. As it advances, so it becomes specialized; each branch put forth from the tree of knowledge enters upon a phase of existence to some extent independent. This process is recorded in the Presidential addresses to the British Association. These no longer attempt to traverse the whole domain of science, or to deal even with a group of cognate sciences, but are restricted to some particular department in which the occupant of the chair is a proficient. Of this restriction, which adds to the value, even if it diminishes the general interest, of the address, that which has been delivered to the gathering

at Nottingham is at once an example and an illustration. Professor Burdon Sanderson has selected for his theme the development of the science of biology, and even in this finds it necessary gradually to narrow his limits. In his interesting historical and critical sketch we can follow this science from its first beginning to its present development, from a simple offshoot to a group of individuals connected by a common link. All this development has occurred within the present century. Professor Sanderson states that at its beginning the word "biology" was not even known. It was first employed by Treviranus to designate a science which should aim at studying "the forms and phenomena of life, its origin and the conditions and causes of its existence." A mathematician as well as a naturalist, he approached the subject, both from the side of natural philosophy and from that of natural history, taking as the basis of his science the fundamental distinction between living and non-living material. Vital and physical processes, in his opinion, differed, not in their nature but in their co-ordination—which adapts them to a given purpose and places them in a special relation to the external world. From this it follows that the "idea of organism" lies at the root of all other biological ideas; so that, as Professor Sanderson points out, action must be regarded not as an attribute of the organism but as its essence. "That if, on the one hand, protoplasm is the basis of life, life is the basis of protoplasm." Chemical synthesis may produce that which is essential to the organism, but, so far as is yet known, it cannot make the organism. As was said years ago by an acute thinker, there is between living protoplasm and dead protoplasm all the difference in the world.

It follows then that the biologist is chiefly concerned with the activities of an organism, but there are two lines along which his investigation may be directed. The organism may be considered either in its internal or in its external relations—that is to say, either in the mutual relation of its several parts or in the relation of the whole to its surroundings, whether inanimate or animate. Thus biology, by a process analogous to that of fission in certain organisms, has been gradually subdivided into two branches—physiology and oecology—the one adopting methods of investigation which are mainly chemical and physical; the other, named by Professor Haeckel, dealing with "the relations of the animal to its organic as well as its inorganic environment." Still, in each, life itself is the central point on which the attention of the student is fixed.

Professor Sanderson, as a physiologist, restricts himself in the major portion of his address to his own branch of biology. On the question of the origin of life he declines to enter. This he puts away as "a riddle which lies outside our scope." But, so far as its history is concerned, he has no doubt that organized nature has attained its present condition by a process of gradual improvement, or in other words, of evolution. Both the corporate organism and the aggregate of living beings supply constant illustrations of the principle of the "survival of the fittest." Those organs or parts which are able to adapt themselves to external stimuli are prosperous; those which cannot so respond dwindle and are eliminated. Thus in the progress of organs, of individuals, and of races, a common principle of "selfish adaptation," as it was called by Treviranus, is found to operate, and this forms a common link between the two branches of biological study. But the recognition of the law of evolution in oecology, and of its consequences in the animal world, has called attention to another, which was first enunciated by Haeckel, that the development of the individual organism is but a recapitulation of the development of the race. Thus the life of the one commemorates the whole past of the other, and the episodes of its development are a concise chronicle of the fortunes, good and bad, of innumerable progenitors.

These inquiries, however, belong either to oecology or to morphology (that part of biology which deals more especially with the forms and structures of living creatures). It is with physiology proper that Professor Sanderson is chiefly concerned. What Darwin was to the philosophy of living nature, that, he says, was Johannes Müller to physiology. To his labours (he taught at Berlin from 1833 to 1857) and to those of his pupils we are mainly indebted for the immense advance of that branch of science during the last sixty years. The microscope had already been pressed into the service of biology, the great step of this epoch was the introduction of experiment into investigation—in other words, a resort to the laboratory. It is interesting to

notice that some of the first important advances in physiology were made by men who were also eminent for their knowledge of physics, and that practically all the successes have been won by working under the influence of one dominant idea, "that, however complicated may be the conditions under which vital energies manifest themselves, they can be split into processes which are identical in nature with those of the non-living world"; processes which must be subjected to physical and chemical tests, and brought into relation with physical and chemical standards, if any satisfactory results are to follow.

It is possible, as Professor Sanderson is careful to point out, that this mode of study may have been attended by some drawbacks, and have led to a certain narrowness of view. "The methods of investigation being physical or chemical, the organism itself naturally came to be considered as a complex of such processes and nothing more." Such a conception is of course an abandonment of the fundamental idea of Treviranus; its advocates substitute the word "mechanism" for "process," and in dropping the idea of "adaptation" are in danger of losing sight of that which is the very essence of organism. Professor Sanderson's remarks in reference to this matter have a wide bearing, and are worthy of consideration by more than physiologists:—

"As in daily life, so also in science, the misuse of words leads to misconceptions. To assert that the link between *a* and *b* is mechanical, for no better reason than that *b* always follows *a*, is an error of statement which is apt to lead the incautious reader or hearer to imagine that the relation between *a* and *b* is understood, when in fact its nature may be wholly unknown."

Still, the methods employed in physiological investigation must be borrowed largely from chemistry and from physics; and the concluding part of the President's address treats of three topics illustrative of this necessity. The first deals with what are called "the specific energies of the organism," which may be roughly interpreted as the response of the whole, or of any part, in the general interest, to external stimulus. This obviously is closely connected with the whole subject of specialization of structure and the progressive development of particular organs. It is illustrated by some interesting remarks on the subject of colour-blindness, in the course of which a summary of experiments is given which make it probable that, just as in the auditory organ the sense of hearing is something super-added to a power of judging direction, so in vision the perception of colour is subsequent in date to the ability to distinguish both light from darkness and the gradations between the one and the other. The second topic is that of experimental psychology. Professor Sanderson evidently is not without hopes that good results may follow by employing in the service of philosophy the methods of physiology. If nothing else, each will have a healthy effect on the other, and tend to correct the narrowing influence of excessive specialization.

In the third place a question full of interest is briefly noticed. Since every organism has originated in a cell, should it not be possible to detect incipient psychical manifestations even in creatures of a very low stage of development? Certainly some of these exhibit what may be called preferences. To one kind of bacteria, of a purple colour, light is so attractive that, if a drop of water containing the creatures be placed under the microscope, and the smallest possible beam of light be focussed on a particular spot in the field, they crowd thither in such numbers as to give this a port-wine tint. If a microscopic spectrum be substituted for white light, they are attracted to that colour which is absorbed when transmitted through their bodies. Other illustrations are given, some of which emphasize the close relations of physiology with pathology.

At the beginning of his address, and again, in connexion with this matter, near its close, Professor Sanderson laments that in Great Britain researches purely scientific receive so little assistance or encouragement from the State. The Professor "doth protest too much," as we observe elsewhere. His argument, however, is that it is not so much the Government as the nation which is to blame. Science is only valued when there seems a prospect of an immediate return in hard cash. A research for methods of filling the purse has great attractions for the "nation of shopkeepers," but that for the discovery of truth awakens no enthusiasm, if, indeed, it is not regarded with positive contempt. Notwithstanding the close relation

between physiology and pathology, notwithstanding their immense importance in regard to the prevention and cure of infectious diseases, "those who desire either to learn the methods of research or to carry out scientific inquiries have to go to Berlin, to Munich, to Breslau, or to the Pasteur Institute in Paris to obtain what England ought long ago to have provided." The President seems to be not without hope that the deficiency will be made good. That is as may be. Anyhow, on the free soil of Britain the faddist flourishes, whose power of ignoring inconvenient facts is only equalled by his facility in inventing convenient fiction. Of these men some seem to regard the liberty of propagating disease as an inalienable birthright; others, in their Buddhistic tenderness for all life, to be willing that the progress of medical science should be arrested. Their clamour may have little effect on those engaged in searching after truth, but it tells on the pliant politician, whose sole anxiety is to catch votes.

FUSTIAN.

AT the Rocher de Cancale at Versailles, some thirty years ago, they had a little volume that was a perfect work of art-printer's art. It was in two languages, that of the house and another, and it held the names and prices of everything that ever came on a table. That poor little *rochette* of a Rocher can never have smelt but from afar such dishes *de haute gresse*, so one had to theorize this plump and velvety Carte du Restaurant to be the venture of some "illustre Gaudissart" who hawked and placed the booklet where he could. There must be some Barmecide who collects these things. May he be lucky; may good collection wait on appetite—and a sale, some day, on both!

The other language in this catalogue—for it was all that, and no more—was intended as a special attention to the English tourist, and offered him among many strange dishes—"Beefsteack with the tumbled potatoes"; "Strasbourg's pie of liver" flanked *pâté de foie gras*; while "Gelly with Punch," alias "Punch glacé," invited him away from the cold comfort of "candied water," easier in French as "*carafe frappée*." The soups were an interminable list, and included those at the Turkish manner, at the Queen, at the very turtle, and with "*mashe du game*," à la *purée de gibier*. There must be other editions of this book, for one some years since, called *suprême de volaille* a "deadly pash of fowl," which has your true Tudor smack about it. Rabelais's mock treatise *Des pois au lard, cum commento* comes into the mouth; or perhaps another, *La Marmite des quatre temps*, would be as apposite.

For a long time there hung over the buffet at the frontier station of Mouscron a superbly framed and illuminated placard with these two magic words alone—"Pael Ael." But does not the great Larousse say that some, *francisant* the word, write *aile* or even *elle*; to which "Elle," might one opine John Barleycorn to be the "Lui"? Larousse is good enough to throw in the opportune brewing, or brassing, item that "the ale is less hopped than the porter"; and this, again, by an irritating freak of recollection, brings up the "name over the door" of a street kiosk at Havre, excellent well painted, and rented by a commissionaire:—"To Wax and Varnish Black Shoes—House—Factor—Porter."

Peignot, the Burgundian bookmaker, in a bibliographical manual of 1801, said Congreve was our best comic author, and that two of his most esteemed pieces are *L'Épouse du Matin* and *Le Chemin du Monde*. Such a workman can only be expected to know the backs of the books; but Chateaubriand earned the credit of rendering Milton's "Fast by the oracle of God" as "*Rapidement près l'oracle de Dieu*." Victor Hugo's ignorance in this line was endless, pure, and unblushing. His kidnappers were marked on the right hand with M for "Man slay," and "hit fair" meant for him *frappe ferme*.

Any *flâneur* that loiters on the quays of the above-mentioned or any other Havre of France may hear the second mates of the English steamers using some rare language to the native longshoremen and stevedores about the mooring and the cargo. One Robert Lyde, mate of the *Friends' Adventure*, an 8-ton fishing pink of Topsham, which he retook by stratagem from a French prize-crew in 1689, has preserved us some two-hundred-years-old endearing specimens of this sailor's French—to be carefully distinguished from the pedlar's variety.

"Fetching a stroke with an intent to cut both their throats at once," he frightened two of those furriners into crying "*Corte, corte! monsieur. Moy allay pur Angleterre si vou plea.*" "With that I stopped my hand (goes on Lyde) and said, 'Good quarter you shall have. Alle a Pro' (forrard, prow); whereupon they put off their hats and said 'Moy alle pro, monsieur; moy travallay pur Angleterre, si vou plea.' They then ran forwards, but, being still afraid, were going up the foreshrouds when Lyde held up a blunderbuss and said, "*Veni abau, e monte a cuttelia, et ally abau*"; by which he may have meant "Come down, unlid the scuttle and go below," for he showed them a larboard scuttle that went down into the forepeak, and repeated "*Le monte cuttelia, et ally abau.*" In fact he wanted to shove them in the hold, and get the hatches on. Another, a wounded Frenchman, got up into the fore-top, Lyde telling him (in English, doubtless) that "if he would come down he might; if not, I would shoot him down." Down he came, and said "O monsieur, vou battera moy," and called Lyde his "boon monsieur." These few phrases are repeated with changes, and we might have had a greater variety if Lyde had not seen fit to cut some other throats at the onset of that brave rough-and-tumble of his (helped by a boy named John Wright) with a crew of seven Frenchmen, as was part-told in the *London Gazette* of 14th March 1691-2.

Some of the titles in the German collection of translations known as the Universal-Bibliothek are by no means fustian, although they are unexpected. One proverbial phrase very properly replaces another, as in *Much Ado about Nothing*, which has been long familiar as "*Viel Lärm um Nichts.*" *All's Well that Ends Well* found its replica in "*Ende gut, Alles gut,*" and *The Merry Wives* are recognizable in the "*Lustige Weiber*"; but "*Böse Sieben*" scarcely gives the instant cue for the *Taming of the Shrew*. Less known are "*Zwischen Thür und Angel*"—not too happy for Alfred de Musset's *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*—and "*Zigeunerleben*" suggests Rommany chees rather than Murger's *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*. A *Christmas Carol* does very well as "*Der Weihnachtsabend*," and *The Chimes* as "*Sylvester-Glocken*"; but "*Der Verwünschte*" does not quite catch on to *The Hallowed Man*. *The Lady of the Lake* is certainly "*Die Jungfrau vom See*," but *The Lady of Lyons* as a mere "*Mädchen*" quarrels. Turning *Queen Mab* into "*Die Feenkönigin*" completely sinks the great Celtic goddess Medhb, and *Childe Harold* is certainly not "*Ritter Harold*." One is not perhaps quite prepared for the *Vicar of Wakefield* as a "*Landprediger*"; "*Die Pickwickier*" of course takes no more guessing than eggs; but "*Der Jahrmakt des Lebens*" is a whole day too late for *Vanity Fair*.

MONEY MATTERS.

IT has been semi-officially announced in Paris that the French Finance Minister is as soon as possible about to undertake the conversion of the Four and a Halfs. It will be recollected that immediately after the Franco-German war France was compelled to borrow, chiefly for the payment of the indemnity to Germany, at 5 per cent., that in 1883 the Five per Cents, having long stood considerably over par, were converted into Four and a Half per Cents, a promise being given at the same time that no further conversion would take place for ten years, and that, about twelve months ago, M. Rouvier, then Finance Minister, was actively preparing for conversion. The Panama scandals compelled him to resign, and for a time put the operation entirely out of the question. The ten years expired on the 16th of last month; and, the recent elections having been so favourable to the Republic, it is natural that the Government should make up its mind to effect the very great saving which would be given by conversion. The Four and Half per Cents amount in round figures to 271½ millions sterling. The object will, of course, be to reduce the interest to 3 per cent.; but it is doubtful whether that could be done at once, at all events at par. No doubt it could be done if a large bonus were offered to the holders of the Four and a Halfs, otherwise it may be questioned whether the attempt would be successful. Possibly the Finance Minister will follow the precedent set by Mr. Goschen a few years ago. He, it will be recollected, reduced Consols from 3 per cent. to 2½ per cent. immediately, and provided that after

fifteen years the interest was further to be reduced automatically to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. If the French Government were to do this, the interest on the Four and a Halfs might be reduced at once either to 4 per cent. or to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and then after a certain number of years might be lowered automatically to 3 per cent. If the Finance Minister began by reducing to 4 per cent., he would save immediately 1,357,000*l.* every year. Then, after five or ten years, the interest would be reduced to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., when the total saving would be annually 2,715,000*l.*; and finally, after another interval of years, the interest would be reduced to 3 per cent., when there would be a saving of something over 4 millions sterling a year. Owing to the high protective duties lately imposed, to the agricultural depression and the crisis through which the world is passing, the revenue of France is not satisfactory at present; while, on the other hand, there is a very large amount of short-dated bonds falling due soon. The Government, therefore, has a very strong motive to effect as large a saving as possible with the least delay. It is not improbable, therefore, that it may attempt to convert from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent. all at once. If it does this, it will have to offer a considerable bonus to the holders of the Four and a Half per Cents, and consequently it will have to throw away some of the advantages it would otherwise gain. Still, a saving of anything like 4 millions sterling a year is so attractive that quite possibly the Minister may make up his mind to attempt it. Whatever plan is finally adopted, the operation will have great interest not only for the holders of French Government securities and for the French taxpayers, but for politicians and investors everywhere. It is quite clear that the conversion of so large a debt as 271 millions sterling cannot be accomplished all at once. It will be recollected that the conversion of our own debt a few years ago occupied nearly three years, and then the circumstances were far more favourable than they are at present, while the credit of this country is higher than that of France because we are less burdened with great armaments and less likely to be involved in ruinous wars. It is perfectly certain, then, that the conversion of this debt cannot be carried through in less than two years, and may take up three or even four years. Therefore, if the French Government takes it in hand now it must make up its mind to do everything in its power to maintain the best possible relations with all its neighbours. Anything that would create a political scare would defeat the conversion. Furthermore, the French Government will have the strongest interest, while the conversion is going on, to keep the Paris money and stock markets as easy as possible. Every Government exercises great influence over its own financial community, but the French Government plays a far greater part in the money and stock markets of Paris than our own Government does in those of London. The French Government, then, will put pressure upon the Bank of France, and the other great French banks, to assist in every way they can in making the conversion a great success. Facilities will be given to all who want to borrow, and prices will be supported. Of course circumstances may prove too strong even for the French Government; but, assuming that peace is maintained, and that there are no untoward accidents, all the influence of the Government, of the great banks, and of the financial establishments will be used to keep the market safe, and to keep money abundant. The likelihood, therefore, is that, as soon as the Government really makes up its mind to take the conversion in hand, there will be an outburst of speculation in France which may have an effect upon the other European markets.

The Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday lowered their rate of discount from 5 per cent., at which it has stood since the 24th August—just three weeks—to 4 per cent. As the rate in the open market was only about $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., it was obviously useless to keep the Bank-rate at 5 per cent. But it might just as well remain at 5 per cent. as at 4, unless the Directors take steps to raise the value of money in the open market. They are completely high and dry, and no business will come to them. That, of course, is a matter that does not concern the general public. But what is of interest to everybody, whether engaged in business or not, is that the reserve of the Bank of England should be properly protected, and it will not be so if the Directors sit with folded hands, trusting to chance that everything may go right. During the next two months there will be a large outflow of both coin and notes into

the provincial circulation, while, as usual, there will be large foreign demands for gold. The reserve, therefore, will be considerably reduced, and it may be seriously reduced if anything should happen to revive distrust. The Directors should, then, act with promptitude, and not drift with the stream.

The India Council again on Wednesday offered for tender 40 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, but only sold a quarter of a lakh. Since the closing of the mints it has not been able to dispose of its drafts, and the consequence is that with about five and a half months of the financial year now past, it has not realized in sterling money quite 6 millions out of about 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions, which it has to find somehow this year. It would seem, therefore, that next month, when it has large payments to make, it will have to borrow. At the same time, the exports from India ought to increase now, and there ought to be by-and-bye a good demand for drafts. The exports of silver to the far East, and especially to India, continue large, the price being 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per ounce.

At the Fortnightly Settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Wednesday morning, the joint stock banks lent to Stock Exchange borrowers at about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Within the Stock Exchange carrying-over rates were very light. From all this, it would appear that, in spite of the great rise in prices during the past couple of weeks, there has not been nearly as much increase in speculation as was generally apprehended. The public very wisely has held aloof, and many of the buyers would seem to have been in a position to pay for their stock. The rise in the American market has been too quick, and everything seems to point now to a falling off in activity. The revolutionary movements in Argentina continue, and the revolted Brazilian fleet is bombarding Rio. Upon the Continent, however, preparations are being made for the conversion of the French Four and a Half per Cents, and in Paris there is a very confident opinion that we shall see a great increase in speculation during the autumn. At home there is no prospect yet of an early termination of the coal quarrel. The men appear to have set their faces resolutely against a reduction of wages or a submission of the question to arbitration. Unfortunately there is much distress amongst them; they are bitter in feeling, and trade is being seriously hampered. If the struggle goes on much longer the consequences will be very serious just as the winter is approaching. The railway traffic receipts continue to fall off, and it is to be feared that works of all kinds will be interrupted unless better counsels prevail.

Some of our readers ask us to be a little more explicit in our advice to investors. We would remind them that, although there has undoubtedly been a considerable improvement in the United States, there are still dangers ahead. Especially, the Senate has not repealed the Sherman Act, and though everybody believes that it will do so, yet it is often the unexpected which happens. Assuming, however, that the Sherman Act is repealed, the worst dangers we may hope are over, and therefore investors may begin to buy, if they act with caution and judgment. Supposing they select the American market, we would advise them strongly not to have anything to do with shares. There are a few American Railroad Companies which are well managed, and which pay regularly fair dividends upon their shares; but they are very few, at all events as regards roads which are known to English investors. Speaking broadly, American railroads are built out of the proceeds of bonds, the shares being thrown in as a kind of bonus, or, to use the American phrase, "watering." The prudent investor, therefore, will keep aloof from shares, and will select only bonds. But he should recollect that there are bonds and bonds. One class, for example, is called Income bonds. In reality these are to all intents and purposes Preference shares. They are entitled to interest only when the money is earned. An Income bond, then, gives no right of foreclosure; and, further, Income bonds usually have been created to compensate bondholders who have agreed to a reduction on their interest, or shareholders who have been obliged to pay up instalments, to take the Company out of bankruptcy. The Income bond, speaking generally, is, therefore, as little suited to the investor as the share, or at all events is very little better suited. The investor, then, should select bonds which are properly secured upon the property of the Company, and which carry with them the right of foreclosure. Moreover, the investor will do well to select only such bonds as rank for

interest either before other bonds on which interest is paid or shares which receive dividends. In other words, to be safe the investor should see that there is a fund in reserve which the Company can come and go upon after the fund available for paying his own interest.

Prices have not moved at all so quickly this week as last, but the changes are still for the most part upward. Consols, for example, closed on Thursday at $98\frac{1}{8}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{4}$. In the Home Railway department there has been very little movement. Midland, for example, which has been so much affected by the coal strike, closed on Thursday at $149\frac{1}{2}$, actually a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$ compared with the preceding Thursday; and North Staffordshire closed at 123, a rise of 1. The latter movement is due to alleged negotiations for the acquisition of the line by the London and North-Western Company. There has been a curious movement, however, in the Metropolitan lines. The purely railway stock of the old Metropolitan closed on Thursday at $82\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{2}$, while the District stock closed at $26\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of as much as $2\frac{1}{2}$. On Thursday the North British Company announced its dividend at the rate of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. per annum on the Deferred Ordinary, whereas a year ago the Preferred only received at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum instead of the full 3 per cent. The Company, like the Caledonian in the past half year, has effected large economies in working expenses. Even in the American department the changes have not been great, the wild speculation having received a check. The principal changes are a rise of 1 in Lake Shore shares, to $126\frac{1}{2}$; of $1\frac{1}{2}$ in Milwaukee shares, to $63\frac{1}{2}$; and of $1\frac{1}{2}$ in Northern Pacific Preferred, to 26. Union Pacific shares have fallen, owing to the death of one of the prominent directors. On Thursday the Milwaukee directors declared a cash distribution of $\$2$ on the ordinary shares. There has been a more decided advance in Grand Trunk and Mexican Railway stocks. Grand Trunk Four per Cent. Guaranteed closed on Thursday at $66\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $2\frac{1}{2}$; and the First Preference stock closed at $51\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $2\frac{1}{2}$. Mexican Railway Ordinary closed at $17\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $2\frac{3}{4}$; while the First Preference closed at $71\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of as much as $3\frac{1}{4}$. In the Argentine market, notwithstanding the continued political troubles and the very high premium on gold, there has been little change, the market being well maintained. Even in Brazilian there has not been much change. The Four and a Half of 1888 closed on Thursday at $66\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of barely 1. Amongst international securities Italian closed on Thursday at $82\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; Spanish Fours closed at $64\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; and Egyptian Unified closed at $101\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of as much as $1\frac{1}{4}$. In Australian bank shares, those of the Bank of New South Wales closed at 42, a rise of 1; those of the Union of Australia closed at $41\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and those of the Bank of Australasia closed at 62, a fall of 2.

STEENKIRKE AND WATERLOO.

IF the Netherlands are the cockpit of Europe, the Quadrilateral, with Wavre, Namur, Charleroi, and Enghien at its angles, is the cockpit of the Netherlands. It includes Namur, famous for its sieges in 1692 and 1695; Charleroi, besieged in 1693 and 1794; all the battlefields of 1815—Quatre Bras, Ligny, Wavre, and Waterloo; Senefle, where Condé defeated the Prince of Orange in 1674; Fleurus, where Luxembourg defeated the Prince of Waldeck in 1690, and where the French beat the Allies in 1794; Steenkirke, where Luxembourg beat William III. in 1692. Ramilies and Landen lie just outside the district to the east; Jemappes is outside it to the south-west. Rumours of wars, and actual skirmishing, afflicted the inhabitants at other times. Marlborough was only prevented by the Dutch Deputies from giving the French an earlier beating upon almost the same field as Waterloo. In 1794, after the battle of Fleurus, there was actual fighting on Mont St. Jean and about Braine la Leude. An inhabitant of Marchienne-au-Pont, hard by Charleroi, who saw his home desolated as a boy, when the Austrians drove the French back upon the village in 1794, was not past middle age when the French drove the Prussian outposts through

the streets in 1815. The same farmer about Fleurus or St. Amand saw the same fields of corn trodden down by armies in June 1794 and June 1815. The reason is not far to seek. The main roads from the line of fortresses within the French border converge upon Brussels, through Namur, Charleroi, and Mons. The road from Lille, by Tournay, passes Enghien, and joins the road to Brussels from Mons at Hal.

It is well known that in 1815 Wellington, apprehensive that the French would endeavour to turn his right by the Mons and Hal road, kept the corps of Prince Frederick of the Netherlands at Hal throughout the 18th of June. He has been blamed for depriving himself of nearly 18,000 men; but, apart from the possibility of such a turning manœuvre on the part of Napoleon, the Duke maintained that the force would have played an important part had the Prussian attack on the French right caused the Emperor to retire westward, before his army was shattered, to gain the road of retreat to France by Mons. The Duke was justified by history in guarding that line. The ablest French general who before Napoleon threatened Brussels, Luxembourg, had appeared on the side of Hal. In 1692, William III. at the head of an allied army, composed of very similar materials to that of Wellington, but with fewer English and better Dutch troops, was like the Duke guarding Brussels from a French army on the south, and found himself forced to operate upon this Mons and Hal road. The resulting battle of Steenkirke was an offensive operation in the midst of a defensive campaign, and though unsuccessful on the part of the allies, perhaps saved them from having to fight a defensive action at Hal.

Early in the summer of 1692, Louis had taken the field in person as nominal head of the army in Flanders, which was actually directed by François Henri de Montmorency, Duc de Luxembourg, the ablest French commander since the death of Turenne. Luxembourg had some 150,000 men, or about 20,000 more than Napoleon commanded in 1815, and the allies, in place of outnumbering the French, as they did then, had only about seventy thousand at their disposal in the field, apart from garrisons. The fortified city of Mons was in the hands of the French, who had taken it in the preceding year; but, on the other hand, Charleroi and Namur were first-class fortresses in the hands of the allies. In 1815 Namur was an open town, Charleroi practically the same, and Mons undefended.

The campaign opened with the siege of Namur. Vauban and Boufflers conducted the attack, Luxembourg covered the siege. William, with inferior forces, manœuvred on the outside circle in hopes of finding a weak point in the covering army, but failed. On July 1st, when the citadel of Namur at last fell, the King of England was encamped near St. Amand and Sombreffe, on the battlefield of Ligny. Louis returned to Paris, and the French were left free for further operations, which were confidently expected to be towards Brussels. William had one advantage over the allies of 1815; for Brussels in 1692 was a fortified city—not a first-class fortress, but a place capable of resistance. Complete defeat of the allies in the field would very probably have been followed by its fall, as it fell to Marlborough after Ramilies. But Luxembourg knew that a mere partial and dear-bought success over William might not lead to the fall of Brussels, nor leave the French in a position to besiege it. He desired to shatter the defending army, if he struck at all.

The allies had fallen back upon Genappe, a defensible position halfway between Quatre Bras and Mont St. Jean, where Lord Uxbridge had a brush with the French in the retreat of the 17th of June, 1815. Here they barred the direct road to Brussels, and by the road running north-eastward to Wavre above the left bank of the Dyle, could reach that place before the French, should they try an advance in that direction.

But neither of these lines was convenient for Luxembourg. The road by Wavre was not good in 1815, and is not likely to have been better in 1692. It would leave his left flank open to an attack from the allies from the opposite side of the Dyle. Finally, it was in its later course, between Wavre and Brussels, a defile through part of the Forest of Soigne, now universally misnamed Soignies, the name of the smaller forest near the town of Soignies. This objection applies equally, or with greater force, to an advance by Genappe. The position at Genappe was not a bad one; that at Mont St. Jean, behind it, was better. It was stronger than in 1815, for the forest district behind it

was wider, and extended down to the left of the line, which was then occupied by Wellington. Charleroi, moreover, still held by the allies, would be on the direct road to France in the rear of Luxembourg's army, should he operate in this direction.

The French Marshal subsequently withdrew south of the Sambre, and leaving detachments to guard the passages of that river, marched behind Charleroi to Thuin, where he recrossed the Sambre and advanced to the town of Soignies. William, ignorant at first whether his adversary would reappear by the Nivelles or the Mons road, made a corresponding movement to his right, so as to observe both of them. His left was now at Mont St. Jean and Braine la Leude, his right at Tubise, on the road from Mons to Hal. Luxembourg, meanwhile, moved still further to his left, but still kept advancing towards his object. He finally fixed his head-quarters at Hoves; his left was at Enghien, his right at Steenkirke, close to the Senne.

The French operations had so far succeeded admirably. At Namur Luxembourg had been thirty-five miles from Brussels, as the crow flies; at Enghien he was only eighteen. He had completely turned the forest of Soigne, with the formidable positions in front of it. It is true that on the direct road to Brussels he still had the position of Hal in front of him; but he had it in his power by manœuvring still more to the left with his superior numbers to turn that position too, and to advance upon Brussels through comparatively open country from the south-west. For the present, however, he halted to recruit his army in the position which he had attained. The warlike operations of the seventeenth century seem very leisurely to the nineteenth. Not only were there no railways, but the roads were, generally speaking, worse than those of even a hundred years later. The artillery and the military train generally were less mobile than they afterwards became. Luxembourg had carried a large army for a circuitous march of some seventy or eighty miles in considerably less than a month. Even after the departure of the King he was burdened with many impedimenta belonging to himself, his staff, and to the Princes of the Blood and nobility who thronged his camp, and two or three months of fairly good weather were before him for subsequent operations. His army was expected to subsist chiefly upon supplies gathered in the country which they occupied, with all the dissipation of force and waste of time which such a plan entailed to delay him further.

William, on seeing his enemy established on this side of Brussels, drew in his left wing, and retired his right from Tubise to the strong position of Hal, on August 1st. It was competent for him to await the attack of the French there, or to observe their further operations should they still continue their turning movement to his right. The plan which he adopted—of attacking Luxembourg where he stood, in spite of the superior force of the enemy—was dictated rather by political than by military considerations.

The King of England had suffered in reputation by the fall of Namur without a blow struck to raise the siege. To the critic at a distance of time it is clear that William did much with insufficient means. He had not the training in war of his adversaries; he learned the military art in his campaigns. He commanded the forces of an ill-compacted coalition. His English subjects were slow to vote him the men and money which he wanted. He had not quite the intuitive genius for war, nor the art of managing unreasonable men, which enabled Marlborough to triumph over similar difficulties, and no opponent of Marlborough possessed the military talents of Luxembourg. The onlooker at the time, however, only saw that William was unsuccessful, that the French took towns, and that he lost them. The very success of the fleet at La Hogue, earlier in the year, was likely to make the war less popular in England, for it removed the fear of invasion which kept the warlike spirit alive. A victory in Flanders would gratify the English and strengthen the hold of William over the allies. The intercepted correspondence of a spy in the train of the Elector of Bavaria, then Governor of the Spanish Netherlands, seemed to give an opportunity for preparing a surprise of the French. The spy was made to deceive Luxembourg by a false report of a great foraging expedition from the allied camp. The pretended foraging party and its covering force were to develop into a vigorous attack on the right of the French position at Steenkirke. A defeat of the French there would cut them off from the road to Soignies and from the best road to Mons.

Early in the morning of the 3rd of August the attack

was made. The English regiments were thrust forward into the post of danger. The surprise was at first successful; but the ground was difficult, cut up by hedges and ditches and a little wood, and studded with cottages and gardens. Luxembourg rapidly strengthened his menaced wing, and, when all else seemed to fail, flung the Maison du Roi with cold steel upon the English regiments. The English complained that they were insufficiently supported by Count Solmes, who exclaimed, "Let us see how the English bulldogs fight." Many of the foreign regiments, however, were warmly engaged. The allies had to advance through narrow lanes, such as hindered the Prussians between Wavre and Waterloo, and had difficulty in feeding the attack properly. It is most likely, therefore, that want of skill and the difficulty of the ground really prevented the attack from being swiftly supported; and, when once the surprise had palpably failed, the King might be justified in not involving all his troops in a disaster. The fault was in risking such a hazardous attack with inferior numbers at all. The same obstacles in the country prevented the French cavalry of their left wing from charging the retiring enemy, but the assailants lost nearly 10,000 men—five English regiments being cut to pieces—and ten guns. The French lost almost as many men, for the fighting was savage and hand-to-hand. William withdrew again to his position at Hal, and both commanders spent some time in reorganizing their forces after such a desperate action.

The French made no further attempt towards Brussels. The orders of the Court detached part of Luxembourg's army to the Meuse and part to Italy. Additional English and foreign troops, brought from Ireland, landed at Ostend. After some marching and counter-marching towards West Flanders and back again, both armies went into winter quarters, and the great defensive battle in front of Brussels remained to be fought. It is possible that the detachments from the French army might have produced the same effect without the useless slaughter of Steenkirke, which merely served to increase the tension between the Dutch and English, and to aggravate William's difficulties. The defeat of Landen followed in the next year, and it needed William's brilliant recovery of Namur in 1695 to rescue the Revolution Settlement itself from the dangers into which the war undoubtedly brought it.

SOME AUTOGRAPHS.

A VERY fine collection, perhaps the finest private collection, of autographs will shortly come under the auctioneer's hammer, and we are doing *œuvre d'art*, we think, in advising the authorities of our museums and English amateurs in good time of the projected sale. This paper not being exactly an advertising medium, we have to withhold such details and particulars as flavour of commerce, and all we can say, by way of general information, is that the collection belongs now to the heirs of the late Count Paar, former Austrian Ambassador to the Holy See, and that the 2,074 autographs of which it is formed are at present in the safe of an antiquary at Berlin. We can deal, however, with less reserve with the collection itself, and tell of its wonderful, often priceless, specimens, as they astonished us in years past. Count Paar was in an exceptional position and in an exceptional centre, from the point of view of opportunities, and these he knew how to make good. Of course the bulk of his collection is of local interest—i.e. Italian—but there is everything in it. The oldest autograph is the signature of Henry IV., of Canossa fame, on a parchment dated 1081, and confirming the municipal liberties of Pisa. Amongst Royal and princely manuscripts come the shocking calligraphic experiments of Vittoria Colonna; letters of Eleonora d'Este with her gigantic capitals; of Lucrezia Borgia with the square *os* and *gs*; a private letter of Carlo III. of Parma, in which his faithful subjects are described as "*razza degenerata al fisico e al morale . . . tra l'uomo e l'orangutang*," and a multitude of manuscripts from Nicolas III. d'Este down to Victor Emanuel. Popes, from Honorius II. to Leo XIII.; saints, from Charles Borromeus to Ignatius Loyola; condottieri, from Andreas Doria to Garibaldi, figure in profusion. Here we have Pio Nono, when yet a bishop, imploring a pardon for his brother, compromised in the revolution at Ancona:—"Mai farò l'apologia del fratello; e se per genio si è mescolato coi matti, maledico il suo genio"; here a touching letter

from Garibaldi to his mother; here is a contract between Pope Leo X. and "michelangelo di lodovicho di Bonarroto Simone, scultore fiorentino per il muramento della faccia di S^{to} Lorenzo"; a whole correspondence of Michelangelo, Rafael, Titian, Salvator Rosa, Guido Reni; there is an address in the handwriting of Louis Elzevir, directed to "Signor Galileo di Galilei, mathematico dello ser. grand duca di Toscana, Arcetri"; a whole arsenal of autograph poems of Ariosto and Tasso, manuscript scores of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, Wagner, and musicians of all times and countries figure each on music paper or otherwise. Great Reformers are represented by precious autographs of Calvin, Luther, Melanchthon, Zwingli; there is a Bible with Savonarola's annotations on the margin; and, of all things at an Austrian Ambassador's to the Holy See, letters from Emilio Bandiera and Felice Orsini!

The most touching document of all, perhaps, is the household of Goethe's grandmother, where the improvements in studies and behaviour of the grandson are registered with loving care between items of household expenses.

Passing to another order of things we find a queer letter of Prince Metternich to Count Colloredo, Ambassador at St. Petersburg, recommending one Antonio David, a singer born in Bergamo, "where all the tenors and harlequins come from." Then we have the curious correspondence of one Friedrich von Gentz, who at sixty-six had fallen madly in love with Fanny Elssler, then hardly twenty, and who wrote to her daily in prose or in verse, and who says:—"More than love it is what animates me now; it is like a resurrection of feelings which resembles devotion; and, in truth, it is long since my heart was turned Heavenwards with such intensity as now, and I implore the Almighty to grace you with all his blessings: gute Nacht, Fanny!"

Last, not least, there is a letter of Mme. de Pompadour to her father, "Monsieur Poisson, à Marigny," advising that worthy of a present for himself—"un secrétaire de nouvelle espèce, un broc et une tasse de Vincennes pour prendre ton chocolat"; and for her daughter:—"Ayant appris que l'on donnait des boucles à ma fille, j'ai fait faire agraffe; ne lui distes rien." Mme. de Pompadour had time for everything, we see.

THE UNTRANSLATABLE.

IT is a curious thing that amateurs whose talents are slender always instinctively start on the most difficult things. It is as if they purposely began at the impossible, and then descended step by step through the improbable, the difficult, &c., to the easy and the futile arts which every one can do and nobody wants done, such as wool-work, or second-rate poetry. Thus it follows that beginners in the art of translation will always start with attempts on the Greek Anthology. Arguing *à priori* one would expect it, and when we turn to the facts we find it is so. There are almost as many hopelessly feeble English versions of the gems of the Anthology as there are, for instance, parodies on "Break, break, break." It is, of course, partly the brevity of the epigram that attracts; for people imagine that, though their talents are not of the first order, still they may be able to do "such a little thing" well. Of course, the facts are all the other way. To write a hundred lines of passable verse is much easier than to write a couplet. Still, looking at things quantitatively, you can make more way with your translating of an epigram than you can with, for example, your Iliad. You are not encompassed with such a wilderness of matter, and if you do it badly you fondly imagine that it will show less because there is less of it. Precisely the opposite is really the case. A modern example of the immense attraction which the epigram—using the word in its older and wider sense—has for amateurs is, of course, to be found in Heine. There is so little of it, and it is, oh! so easy, to do it badly. And that, after all, is the quality which the amateur specially desires in what he practises. It must be easy, and if it is bad it can't be helped. At least, it has not demanded any very arduous exercise of hand or brain. If any one would see how badly Heine can be done, even by a considerable poet, let him read the attempts in James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night."

There are two ways of trying to render the Greek Anthology in metre. One is easy to do passably, the other

well-nigh impossible to do at all. The first is to write a parallel poem in English bearing a faint resemblance to the Greek, but expanded and padded and dressed-up out of knowledge. This method renders an elegiac couplet, exquisite in its conciseness and cameo-like elegance, by eight wandering lines of heroic couplet or blank verse. It is not translation in the true sense, of course, but it is so called. There is a grim absurdity in thus rendering an epigram as an epic, but that passes unregarded by the translator. This method, of course, makes no attempt at a line-for-line correspondence. The entire poem is recast, the ideas jumbled up, a certain amount of fresh matter added, and the whole mass set in a fresh mould to cool, and then turned out so much disguised that the author of the original would never recognize his handiwork. A good instance of this kind of paraphrase is Cowper's version of that very quaint epigram of Paulus Silentiarius beginning:—

Οὐνοῦ μοι—τί δὲ τοῦτο;

In that epigram the dead man is supposed to be resenting the attempt of the casual passer-by to inquire all about him of his tombstone, or, it may be, for it will bear either meaning, that the dead man in his tomb is supposed by his epitaph to be perpetually trying to declare who he was and how he lived to the passer-by, who as constantly interrupts him to say he doesn't care to know. Perhaps it may be worth while to give the Greek in full, as it is brief:—

Οὐνοῦ μοι—τί δὲ τοῦτο; πατρὶς δὲ μοι—ἐς τί δὲ τοῦτο;
κλεινὸν δ' εἰμὶ γένους—εἰ γὰρ ἀφανηπόρτρου;
Ζήσας ἐνδόξως ἔλπον βίον—εἰ γὰρ ἀδόξως;
καίμαι δ' ἐνθάδε νῦν—τίς τίνι ταῦτα λέγει;

The last line of this lies in Cowper's version concealed in the following couplet:—

Suffice it, stranger, that thou see'st a tomb,
Thou know'st its use. It hides—no matter whom.

Clever, no doubt, and as a fragment of English verse, bright and rather witty, but to call it translation is to pervert language.

The other way is to give a careful parallel version line by line. This is difficult, and the result is too often bald and stilted. It can hardly ever hope to be quite English, for the genius of the two languages is so dissimilar that a line-for-line translation must almost necessarily adopt Grecisms and retain an un-English flavour. But this is not altogether a disadvantage in a translation. We rather prefer to be reminded occasionally that we are not reading an original poem but a metrical version, and without its congenial turns of expression it is difficult to appreciate a thought which belongs essentially to a particular time and nation. Of course, in the ultimate, translation must always be rather a pleasing intellectual exercise, a sort of mental gymnastics, than a mode of art. Its use is to make us study and analyse more carefully the original. It can never be final. From this point of view, the closer a version is, consistently with a certain beauty of form and expression, the better. The mere inexact paraphrase is pathetically useless. It is seldom beautiful as a poem, it is useless as a translation, and, by its variation from the original form and diction, loses all savour of the poem it traduces.

But it must not be imagined that, because four lines of Greek should reappear, if at all, as four lines of English, therefore the difficulty of conciseness and brevity can be easily met by the simple and obvious expedient of lengthening your English line. To produce a line-for-line translation whose lines contain seven, and even nine, feet apiece is to bring forth a monstrosity. Alexandrines, too, must be avoided as the plague. English hexameters—the Latin metre, that is, with English words—have been exploded since *Evangeline*; but English hexameters and pentameters should be the scorn even of the vulgar. And yet certain people have had the temerity to write, and publish, versions of Greek epigrams proudly stated to be "in the metre of the original." There is the terrible one beginning "Gazing at Stars, my star," which at once occurs to one with a sense of pain.

The number of good versions of Greek epigrams that have appeared in English may almost be counted on the fingers. In fact the number of good metrical translations of anything is infinitely small. Rossetti's version of Villon's "Ballad of Dead Ladies" is one. Byron's version of Hadrian's address to his dying soul, on the contrary, is, perhaps, the worst thing of its kind that any poet of any

power has given us in the whole range of literature. Of longer poems Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam* at once suggests itself, but that is, we believe, less a faithful version of the original than a marvellous poem founded on Omar's themes. One of the most perfect translations of a Greek epigram is Shelley's version of Plato's, beginning

Ἀστήρ πρὶν μὲν Ἰλαρπες—

Thou wert the morning star among the living
Ere thy fair light had fled,
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

It is a little long as compared with the single couplet of Plato, but it retains the spirit of the original instead of dissipating it in a cloud of modernisms. Cory's *Heracleitus* again is good of its kind, though the long dragging metre is not the best form for translating Greek. And, as if to show us this, and prevent our judgment being misled by the beauty of *Heracleitus* as an English poem, there is in *Ionica* another translation in the same metre that is so bad as to be really not worth quoting—"Only in playing think of him who once was kind and dear"! Could baldness go further? One line of *Heracleitus*, however, is imperishable:—

Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

It has not quite the exquisite brevity of

ἥλιον ἐν λεσχῇ κατεδύσαμεν,

but it is wonderfully near it. But, in glancing through some schoolboy exercises one day, we lighted upon one metrical version which, considering the age of the author, was really excellent. It was a translation of the epigram beginning

Χαίρε σὺ, ὦ ναύγχε, καὶ εἰς Ἀἴδαο πέρσας,
μήμφοιο μὴ ποντοῦ κύμασιν ἀλλ' ἀνέμοις.

It ran as follows:—

O shipwreck'd sailor, though Black Death doth hold thee,
Blame thou the roaring wind, but not the wave;
For the winds wrecked thee, but the billows roll'd thee
Back to the shore and to thy fathers' grave.

The original contains only four lines, and the translation is, on the whole, faithful line for line. Perhaps its author, when he reaches years of discretion, may make further efforts to achieve the impossible, and translate the *Anthology*. There is certainly room for them. One epigram in particular, the *Pleiad*, seems to have been attempted by countless people. The last couplet runs somewhat in this way:—

At setting of the Pleiad forth set he,
And star and sailor set in company.

But a play upon words will seldom bear transplanting from one language to another. It makes but a sickly exotic. A small volume of metrical translations from the *Anthology* was brought out only a year or two ago, but about two-thirds of the contents were so atrocious, that they rather swamped the book, and buried the grain in the superabundant chaff. At present the best book for English readers who want to acquaint themselves with the Greek epigram, and, for their sins, know not Greek, is Mr. Mackail's. The translations are in prose, but they are careful and faithful, and the selection is on the whole judicious.

THE THEATRES.

THE production of *The Other Fellow* at the Court Theatre on Saturday night affords a further proof—if any were needed—that the acquisition of the right to produce is not necessarily accompanied by the power to adapt. As a matter of fact, Mr. Fred Horner has not made much of a serious attempt to adapt *Champignol malgré Lui*. The present work is rather a conversion of such parts of the French authors' work as will bear direct translation into the language generally spoken in this country. The great success of the original piece in Paris was no guarantee of any similar success here, notwithstanding the drollery of the central idea, the complications arising from it, and the neatness with which both were developed and manipulated by the French authors. On the other hand, a clever adaptation, or even a first-rate translation, would have had a fair chance of hitting the popular taste in London, in spite of the purely local character of the material. When Mr. Horner gravely

announced that, after consideration, he had decided not to change the venue to England, he was simply stating that he accepted what everyone else had foreseen to be inevitable. There is no reason, in the nature of things dramatic, why *Champignol malgré Lui* should not be so adapted as to make a play extremely diverting to English audiences, even although we, accustomed as we are to our Volunteer system, could never be brought thoroughly to appreciate the humours of a conscription forced upon unwilling recruits. Mr. Horner, however, seems hardly the man for this somewhat difficult task. Indeed, he appears to have recognized this fact from the first, and the result is seen in the curious if not enticing baldness of the dialogue. There is, indeed, translation and translation, and of Mr. Horner's "You may embrace the tips of my fingers" is a specimen. It is only fair to say that the indelicacies of the French have mostly been removed, with the wit and sparkle of the original, although one hint is oddly retained in the striking of the cuckoo clock as the husband's name is mentioned. The ingenious complications in the second act are extremely funny; some of them, in a not very lofty way, have already been given to the London public in *Trooper Clairette*, a comic opera produced at the Opéra Comique some months ago. The company had on the whole a serious task before them in having to give point and meaning to Mr. Horner's bare dialogue; but it was loyally undertaken, and accomplished with most creditable success.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith's part, that of "the other fellow," who, having impersonated Champignol for one pleasant purpose, remains "Champignol malgré Lui" for others less pleasant, is the most prominent, and is capably played, except in the fact that Mr. Grossmith's Vicomte is an unmistakable and incurable Londoner. We are told that the Vicomte was exempt from service. As a matter of fact, such a Vicomte would never have been called upon or accepted, for *perfidie Albion* is written all over him. Mr. Charles Groves gives just the right touch of pleasant humour to the artist Champignol, who is completely ignorant of the state of affairs, and behaves both with sense and humour on his enlightenment. There is nothing in Mr. Brookfield's part, that of a Captain of Reserves, but he imports into it some delightful drollery of his own. Such capable artists as Mr. Wyes, Mr. De Lange, and Mr. Compton Coutts, in common with others, have small opportunities of distinction, though it cannot be said that their presence is thrown away. Of Miss Aida Jenoure's Agnes it is not fair to speak decidedly. Comedy acting is new to her, and she will no doubt improve when her obvious nervousness has worn off. For the excellent presentation of his work and its cordial reception Mr. Horner is infinitely indebted to Mr. Chudleigh and his company, each and all of them.

REVIEWS.

THE ROYAL MARINES.*

MAJOR EDYE'S *Royal Marines* is a very good example of the usual "Historical Record" of a regiment dear to the military writer. In other words, it is a very industrious collection of facts arranged by order of date, but destitute of any other kind of order whatever. If Major Edye had assimilated his material and relegated mere official papers to the appendix, he might have written a real book of about a third of the size of this volume which would have been both readable and valuable. As it is, his Historical Records are really a kind of calendar of papers strung together by a brief running comment. One cannot treat such a compilation as a book, but only as a species of pottee of facts, from which one picks out what plums, or makehifts for plums, there may be.

The Admiral's regiment, which was the forerunner of our present corps of Marines, though not in any way its ancestor, was raised by Charles II. in 1664, just before the beginning of fighting with the Dutch. It was meant to be a "maritime" regiment,

* *The Historical Records of the Royal Marines*. Including the Duke of York and Albany's Maritime Regiment of Foot, subsequently styled Prince George of Denmark's Maritime Regiment of Foot, the First and Second Regiments of Marines, afterwards known as Colonel Thomas Brudenell's Regiment of Marines, Colonel William Seymour's Regiment of Marines, Colonel Henry Mordaunt's Regiment of Marines, and Colonel Henry Dutton Colt's Regiment of Marines. Compiled and Edited by Major L. Edye, Royal Marine Light Infantry, Barrister-at-Law, Middle Temple. Vol. I., 1664-1701. London: Harrison & Sons. 1893.

and did some service at sea. One notable fact about it was the extraordinary speed with which it was raised. Apparently men were drafted into the ships within a few weeks, and Major Edye guesses, very plausibly, that it must have been largely formed out of the disbanded men of Cromwell's army, with, perhaps, some help from the London trained bands. If a splendid uniform served to attract men then, as it is supposed to do now, the Admiral's regiment must have had a great advantage. Its appearance was, indeed, imposing. The coat was yellow, with crimson facings, and crimson knee-breeches and stockings. A picture of an officer opposite p. 16 is overpowering in magnificence of yellow, gold, crimson, white plumes, and shining breastplate. We learn with some disappointment that it is a fancy sketch; for, though the colours of the uniform are known, there is no drawing of an officer or man of the Admiral's regiment extant. It is more surprising to learn, as we do from a copy of a drawing in the Queen's library at Windsor, that the Lieutenant-Colonel's colours were a St. George's Cross of its proper gules, fimbriated argent on a field or—which surely is a needless complication, and passing bad heraldry. The regiment was not, properly speaking, a marine force, for the men drawn from it for service at sea appear to have been incorporated with the crews of the ships they were ordered to join and were replaced by fresh recruits. Indeed, down to the year 1701, at which date Major Edye's first volume ends, the maritime regiments appear to have been considered in the light of a reservoir from which men could be drawn to be turned into sailors. It is eminently characteristic of the want of precision of view common in our early military organizations that the force was also looked upon to keep order among that "loose, undisciplined body of men," the sailors proper. But the confusion between the two branches went still further; for it was by no means rare to find the same man serving as an officer in the navy and in the marine regiments. Arthur Herbert, the Lord Torrington of Beachy Head, was one, and Sir George Rooke was another. It is curious to see that this practice of putting the marines under naval officers, which has been recommended both in the last century and in our own time, was tried in the very beginning of the force.

A more famous man than Herbert or Rooke was on the list of officers of the Admiral's regiment. John Churchill was appointed captain in succession to an officer killed in Lowestoft fight. He never served at sea, for his company was drawn from the regiment and sent into the Low Countries, where it formed the nucleus of an "expediency regiment" which fought under Turenne. Major Edye quotes a letter of Marlborough's (to give him his best-known name) describing the share taken by his corps in the battle of Waldheim. The service was hot and the loss of the English severe. Marlborough's brothers, the General and the Admiral, were also for a time in the regiment. In the latter part of the reign of Charles II. the regiment came gradually to have less and less direct connexion with the navy. On accession of James II. it was passed over to Prince George of Denmark. About this time the yellow coat gave way to a red one with buff facing, the crimson breeches and stockings to grey and white. Under the command of "Est-il-possible" the regiment had few opportunities of service. It took no active share in suppressing Monmouth's rebellion, and was itself disbanded after the Revolution. Some of the men were drafted into the Buffs, which is therefore the present representative of the Duke of York and Albany's Maritime Regiment of Foot. After the Revolution two new regiments of foot were raised for sea-service. Major Edye quotes much evidence to illustrate the conflict between the Admiralty and the War Office, as to which authority was to give the commissions. There was an eminently English confusion and official haggle before the Marines settled fairly under the Admiralty. An attempt to combine the two was made by giving the colonelcy of the regiments to naval officers. Torrington, Carmarthen, and Cloudesley Shovell were Colonels of Marines. There appear to have been lively disputes more than once as to whether they were giving orders as Marine or as naval officers. Colonelcies of the Marines were long among the rewards expected by an admiral. Latterly, they were only means of granting a substantial increase of pay, and are now represented by good service pensions. It must be remembered that not only the Marines, but soldiers of the land army—even detachments from the Guards—served in the ships. The new regiments had many and genuine causes of complaint in the matter of pay and allowances. The Revolution Government was clearly a very bad paymaster. Major Edye shows that the men were left without clothes or pay, and that officers were reduced to actual starvation from inability to get their arrears. One is not surprised to learn that, in 1695, My Lords were seriously alarmed lest the indignant Marines should "pull down their office," and were fully persuaded that "it will be very difficult

to prevent the riotous behaviour of these men any other way than by speedily paying them what is their due."

Major Edye has naturally been able to collect some interesting little details of old military life. Duels are frequently mentioned. Carmarthen fought several, and the men followed the example of their officers. In 1698 Captain John Price, of H.M.S. *Centurion*, had to report from Genoa that "Last week, giving leave to some of the Marine soldiers to go ashore belonging to Capt. Spragg's Company, two Irish men, the one a protestant and the other a papist, quarrelled about their Religion in so much that the papist challenged the other to fight him, which he did, and the protestant Run the other into the brest, of which he immediately dyd, hee is put into the Tower at the Duke's Pallace, the Consull and I have been to demand him, and to-morrow wee are to have an answer." It will be seen that the gallant Captain's spelling and grammar were of the regular seventeenth-century order. On that point we have a remark to make to Major Edye. He is at once exact in giving the spelling of documents as he finds it, and confident that he himself gives the right forms of names. We find the same officer spelt Mulrean, Mulrayen, Milroyen, Molroyen, and even the well-known Kent name of Darrell appears at times as Dorrell, while Guernsey is once at least spelt Guernze. Yet he sticks to Cloudesley Shovell as right with all this evidence before him that there was no fixity of spelling of names at the time, and he even quotes a document, in which the Admiral signs Cloud: Shovell, while it appears that his contemporaries habitually called him Cloudesley in the common accepted form. Now this is pedantry, and small pedantry. It is rather amusing to find that the first instance of a court-martial in the maritime foot arose about a quarrel over a horse. Here is the story:—

'Coll. Piper y^e Deputy-Governor (of Plymouth) hath been basely assaulted by one Morris a cap^t in S^t Charles Littleton's (i.e. the Admiral's) regiment, and soe wounded y^t it is believed he will not recover of his wounds. Morris invited y^e Coll. and one Cap^t Morgan to a collation, and, Morgan proffering to sell a horse to Morris, he asked him whether he wou'd warrant him sound. He s^d: "Yes upon his reputation." "What" said Morris "upon such a reputation as our Gov^r sold his?" (It seems Coll. Piper had sold a horse wth he warranted but happened to prove otherwise. Hereupon Piper asked Morris whether or noe he questioned his reputation wth certainly was as good as Morris his. Whereupon Morris giving him very foul language, Piper withdrew, telling [him] he supposed he was in drinke and y^t when he was sober, he wou'd be of another mind. Morris followed him, and, before Piper cou'd draw his sword, Morris ran him through the thigh, and making a 2 pass at him, Piper putting by y^e thrust wth his hand, is soe wounded in y^e hand it is thought, if he recovers he will loose y^e use of his fingers. After this Piper's man, coming to his master's assistance was wounded by Morris who still thrusting at Piper he caught hold of his sword and broke it short of; but having lost much blood, he fell down and Morris attempted to make his escape, but was taken and committed to y^e gaole at Plymouth.'

It does not appear that anything was done to Morris beyond removing him from the corps, and one gathers that the standard of manners was not high in the Admiral's regiment in 1676.

Of course there are cases of what may be called almost jocular irregularity. In 1694 it was reported to my Lords by Captain St. Lo that, on paying the Marines, he found that one of the sergeants was a "Ladd of ten years old." On inquiry it appeared that the "ladd" was "the son of Lieutenant James Brough, of Captain Bennet's Company," and was rated for pay out of pure good nature. It also appears that, although captains of men-of-war were strictly forbidden to allow any women on board, the regulation was not held to apply to the soldiers serving as Marines. Women on the strength to the number of three to each company were carried to sea. The practice was not established without protest; but in 1694 it is recorded that "Application having been made unto us by Capt Rich^d Lestock that he may be allowed Victualls for sever^l Soldiers wives which were ordered on board his Maj^{ty}'s Shipp *Eagle* under his Command in the Streights by Rear Adm^l Nevell Wee do hereby desire and direct you to cause the same to be allow'd of on his Acco^{ts} in regard he was directed by his Flagg to receive and Victuall them as aforesaid." Those soldiers must have been serving as Marines, for we had no Mediterranean garrison in 1694; so that they cannot have been there for transport.

CATRIONA.*

HOW do you pronounce "Catriona"? Is it four syllables or three? Is the *o* omicron or omega? Is the first *a* accented or not? These inquiries are not either fantastic or pedantic. For the hero of Mr. Stevenson's book, as he himself takes note, is more than once driven, like bashful lovers often, and all lovers not seldom, to make the simple utterance of his Highland beloved's name, in adoration or expostulation, his sole form of address to her; and it is extremely meet and right that we should know the kind of sound which Mr. David Balfour's lips uttered on these occasions. You cannot appreciate passages, either pathetic or satiric, of conversation unless your mind's ear hears the sounds while your mind's brain is taking in the sense. We are inclined to vote for *Cátriona*, as coming nearer to "Katrine," the accepted form.

Catriona herself, however, is not, at least to us, the most interesting figure of this very delightful book. Her forms of speech remind us, rather irritatingly, of those which Mr. Black has put into the mouth of so many young men and maidens that, pleasantly exotic at first, they have at last become woefully hackneyed. And, though she is very agreeable, she has just a little too much of the affectionate savage and simpleton about her. Only when jealousy—a fine seasoning and stimulant to the insipid matters of the affections—stirs her up, and, so to speak, puts colour in her cheeks, is she really appetizing. But Catriona herself is by no means the most important part of the book, she is not even, as we may take occasion to point out more in detail presently, the most important female part of it. The interest is still concentrated on that valiant, upright, sound-hearted, but somewhat chuckle-headed representative of a certain type of Scotsman, Mr. David Balfour himself. With much care for his readers' comfort, and a rather unusual absence of the author's assumption that, of course, everybody knows his books, Mr. Stevenson has prefixed a short argument of *Kidnapped* to start the said reader fair; but we think not so ill of anyone who reads the *Saturday Review* as to suppose it necessary to reproduce or re-abstract it here. We take up David where we left him, his troubles in a way over, and recognized as "younger of Shaws," but with the matter of the Aspin murder still uncomfortably unsettled, and with his friend Alan Breck still hiding from a justice which in his case might not be particularly just, and would be quite certain not to be in the least merciful. David faces these difficulties with his usual odd mixture of canniness, simplicity, courage, and divers other qualities. He plumps the state of the case as regards the murder not merely before Alan's kinsman the Writer Stewart (who, receiving him at first with an extremely small allowance of either courtesy or goodwill, changes his mind soon), but before the Lord Advocate himself, Grant of Prestongrange. It is in visiting this magnate that he comes across Catriona, daughter of James More Macgregor Drummond, Rob Roy's younger son (respecting whose character Mr. Stevenson takes a still more unfavourable view than Sir Walter did in the introduction to *Rob Roy*), and they fall in love in the most correct fashion at first sight. Correct, that is to say, according to Marlowe, incorrect according to Mrs. Malaprop, authorities so great that we are inclined, calling personal experience to our aid, to believe that both ways are orthodox. It is not, however, for some time a question of marriages so much as of murders, and Mr. David presently has need of all his dogged courage, of a little more than his curiously indiscreet canniness, and of a great deal of good luck besides. The Government, that is to say, the Lord Advocate, has determined to hang the prisoner accused of the murder, James Stewart of the Glens, and would be only too glad to add Alan Breck to him, partly as obstinate Jacobites, partly to satisfy the clamour of the Duke of Argyll and all the Campbells for revenge on somebody—the murdered man having been a Campbell. Now Balfour's evidence goes directly to the clearing of both, though it is of such a kind as to expose him dangerously to the charge of having been an accomplice in the crime himself. It is, therefore, the great object of the prosecution to keep him out of the way. The Lord Advocate, who takes rather a fancy to him, tries to do this by fair means—remonstrating with David on the political necessity of glutting the Campbells' revenge, and spreading the nets of his three fair daughters to catch the youth. His coadjutor, the renegade Simon Fraser of Lovat, tries schemes more agreeable to the methods of his respectable father—threats of inclusion in the charge, and of false witness if necessary, subornation of Highland ensigns to fight duels with David (who knows nothing whatever of self-defence, but stands up to be disarmed again and again with passive heroism), and so forth. At last, though Alan gets off, David is once more kidnapped to the Bass, whence, though he

escapes in a certain sense, he arrives too late at Inverary to save James Stewart. So ends the murder, in rather a ghastly fashion, by another; the second part of the book is occupied by the preliminaries of the marriage, the schemes of James More (historical these) against Alan, the very singular history how David and Catriona abode together (but in all honour) in a Dutch lodging, and so forth.

The lovers of mere adventure will, of course, say that there is nothing in this book equal to the fight in the round house of *Kidnapped* or the duel in the *Master of Ballantrae*, not to mention *Treasure Island*. There may not be; but, on the whole, we do not think that we have read any book of the author's with more sustained and varied interest. Except to unjust men who skip, the exact peripety of Balfour's struggle with the very unjust officers of justice remains singularly doubtful, and, therefore, singularly interesting; though it must be owned that Mr. Stevenson has in part brought this about by flouting Poetical Justice himself most vilely in the matter of poor James of the Glens. The account of the Dutch voyage and sojourn of David and Catriona is, though doubtless contemptible to some folk, extraordinarily vivid and delicately touched, especially in the quarrel passages and the blundering well-intentionedness of David. The Bass episodes, the duel (where Mr. Stevenson has courageously refused to go over the old *pont aux ânes*, and make his hero worst a skilful fencer, himself not knowing how to hold a foil), the very comic passage where the opposition lawyers scheme to make political capital out of David's evidence, and others, deserve notice. But the play of work with two, perhaps three, characters is what pleases us most. The Lord Advocate is good; David is better, and is, indeed, as he is once called, an inimitable "gowk" on one side and a most valiant and worthy person on the other. But Barbara Grant, Prestongrange's eldest daughter, is the figure for our money. Nowhere before, though he hinted at one in the perverse young woman of the *Black Arrow*, has Mr. Stevenson drawn a real feminine person; and Barbara is real and personal in all conscience. He has here aimed at that type of femininity which Sir Walter has once or twice glanced at, notably in *Die Vernon* and *Catherine Seyton*; but for some reason (perhaps because it was not his line, perhaps because, as tradition has it, his first and only love sat for the model, and he would not give the portrait whole to the world) has never quite worked out. It is a type which may be called that of a more masculine Rosalind—lively and mocking, with plenty of solid, and even slightly hard, sense, by no means too circumspect either in word or deed, and apt to be misconstrued, but as sound as a bell both in heart and head, and on the whole about as good as may be. Mr. Stevenson has left it a little in doubt whether this most agreeable damsel would or would not have condescended to be Mrs. Balfour of Shaws. Probably her ambition looked higher, if her affection did not. But if Catriona's jealousy was well founded, then, indeed, was Mr. David Balfour an inimitable gowk to prefer even such a soft and twining slip of the wilderness as Catriona.

SAILING TOURS.*

A LITTLE late in the season—for yachtsmen like to have their arrangements made before September sets in—Mr. Cowper brings out a second part of his useful *Sailing Tours*. The first series, which received a cordial welcome, took us from Aldborough to the Thames; this proceeds with us from the Nore right round the southern coast of the island to Scilly. It is said that Grays and Burnham-on-Crouch were promptly conscious of the good effects of Mr. Cowper's praise of their anchorages, and we do not question that various Hampshire and Devonshire havens will respond to the eulogies of the present volume. We note in the second part several useful improvements. The practical sailing directions are now distinguished by a heavier type, and all advices are conveniently grouped together. Illustrations are omitted in the new part—they were, we must confess, no great adornment to the old—and in their place we welcome a large number of charts of harbours, which have far greater practical utility.

All these changes are for the better, yet we believe that Mr. Cowper will see his way, in future editions, to yet more essential ones. A fat duodecimo, imperfectly stitched, and bound in flimsy cloth, is not the most convenient kind of guide for a sea-voyage. This book will be read on deck, and a dash of spray will reduce its cover to paste and a puff of wind carry half its pages overboard. The charts are capital in design, but imperfectly executed.

* *Sailing Tours: the Yachtsman's Guide to the Cruising Waters of the English Coast. Part II. The Nore to Treco. By Frank Cowper. London: L. Upcott Gill.*

* *Catriona. By Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Cassell.*

We should be sorry to have to consult them by the aid of a flickering lamp in the lurching cabin of a yacht at night. The figures and names are indistinct, and the tinting, which is excellently adapted for giving a general impression of deep water and shallows, loses in clearness of effect at night. We would not say a word against charts, but we are not sure that we are very fond of amateur charts. Mr. Cowper's pretty little coloured maps for us as we approach an anchorage, and the sober old Admiralty affairs as we are slipping in on the ebb.

It is not easy to imagine that a yachtsman's guide can be very readable on shore, but Mr. Cowper has contrived to escape that difficulty. His topographical chat is very pleasant, and we seem to be taken snugly into havens by a clever pilot who knows all the local antiquities and history, and who, wonderful to relate, is as much at home at Bembridge as he is at Penzance. If we have ventured to suggest that the form of Mr. Cowper's book might be improved, it is not to his letterpress that we have referred. This is all that is at once agreeable and yet to the point, practical and yet entertaining. We should like the book externally to be broader, thinner, and bound in a canvas cover, but essentially we do not wish to have it other than it is.

Our yachtsman expresses himself about Dartmouth in terms that we can very well appreciate. "Of all the baffling, troublesome places to drive an anxious skipper crazy," he says, "Dartmouth 'takes the cake.'" We thoroughly agree with him, and we well know what a business it is to push past the eddy round the Checkstone, and get taken up off Warfleet. Yet we cannot but envy the man who makes this hazardous expedition for the first time; the scene which awaits him is one of the most theatrically beautiful in England, and Mr. Cowper has described it with an effective simplicity. To the yachtsman from the East, Dartmouth must be particularly delightful, for it is the first really good harbour that he has come to since he rounded Portland Bill, and it is a foretaste to him of the delicious bowery havens of southernmost Devon and of Cornwall.

Mr. Cowper has much to say about Salcombe, that magic land of citron and myrtle, where it is always summer, and where prodigies of vegetation hang over a divided estuary which is like Garda or Como. The entrance to this beautiful harbour, however, is difficult, and the warnings about dangers given in *Sailing Tours* are here unusually elaborate and numerous. The Prawle and the Bolt push far into what is now almost the Atlantic, and a swell with a southerly gale is a heavy thing at Salcombe. Few parts of England are more tempting at the close of the year than this southernmost fragment of Devonshire, and yet few are less known. The entrances of the Erme and the Avon are awkward, and our yachtsman, usually so persistent, does not seem to have made his way up to Aveton Giffard, one of the prettiest of Devonian rural havens. Bigbury Bay might have supplied our chatty companion with a curious anecdote about Turner, and with a terrific eighteenth-century tale of murder. He does well to inform his clients of the charming woodland waters of the Yealm (a river pronounced as though it rhymed to *jam* or *damm*), and the almost unrivalled picturesqueness of its banks at Noss and Newton Ferrars. Perhaps, in discoursing of dangers, he ought to have mentioned that Noss used, at all events, to enjoy the reputation of being the most unhealthy village in the South of England, and of having never quite lost the germs of a devastating cholera. It would be a sad thing to evade the nasty sandbanks and shoaly ledges of the Yealm only to succumb to a worse enemy at Noss.

We must not allow ourselves to follow our guide minutely when he passes the bastion of Rame Head, and glides along the sinuous and fascinating shores of Cornwall. He speaks with full appreciation of Looe, but will fare ill when he next visits the twin boroughs, for he allows himself to call this ancient brace of towns "a village." Of Fowey he speaks, we venture to hold, too enthusiastically. Legend says that a person of distinction was brought here, less than a hundred years ago, and was offered, at high tide, a house looking out upon the Pont Pill, on the Polruan side of the harbour. He thought the view so magnificent that he closed with the bargain then and there, learning by long and bitter experience that for all but about an hour each tide, an expanse of black mud stretched malodorous and horrid in front of the windows. But the yachtsman sees Fowey lower down, and finds it both safe and picturesque.

Certain remarks of our guide with regard to the dangers of the Lizard deserve the attention of the Admiralty authorities. It is usual to speak of the Manacles as extremely perilous, but, says the author of *Sailing Tours*:—

'In our opinion they are not to be compared with the Stags, and what is most surprising is there is no buoy to mark their outer limit [i.e. apparently, the outer limit of the Stags]. The most dangerous rocks cover at half or three-quarter flood, and

are half a mile from the shore. Only this winter a vessel was wrecked on them. . . . The Man-of-War Rocks mark the loss of a frigate with all hands except two. . . . The Maenhere Rock, which lies out the farthest to the S., is covered at three-quarter flood, and rises from a depth of 30 ft. to 48 ft. of water. Some beacon might be built on this surely. The Lizard Lights are not any protection against this great danger. They clear the Manacles, but take no account of these; a red sector, deflected, just showing beyond the rocks, might be arranged.'

More yachtsmen, no doubt, would make the trip to the Scilly Islands if the latter were a little nearer; but the trip from Penzance is just long enough to be inconvenient. *Sailing Tours* says that by leaving Penzance at 4 A.M. we may hope to reach the islands at 7.30 P.M., that is to say, after dark on an autumn evening. If, however, this initial voyage is something of a strain, the adventure is well worth making, although certainly not to be attempted at night. Mr. Cowper makes a remark which other travellers must have made to themselves, that at their first appearance the Scillies look like a distant fleet of vessels. The last chapter in the present volume is perhaps the freshest in the book. It gives an account of this curious and remote appanage of England which is the most exact we have met with, and which places Scilly in a very tempting light. The author, however, does not seem to have visited St. Agnes, on which a morning may profitably be spent. If only as the most southerly knot of habitations in the British Islands, the little lofty hamlet is worth climbing to, with its noble lighthouse towering out of it. When we were there, two stormy petrels were hopping about, like tame rabbits, among the cabbages, and we were told by the keeper that some of these odd visitants, temporarily stunned by flying against the lantern, were usually with him for twenty-four hours at a time, recovering from their mistake. The view south from the summit of St. Agnes, over a wilderness of waters bristling with reefs, is one of no little dreary magnificence.

A NEW PRINT.

WE have received from the Swan Electric Engraving Company a curious print after Mr. Lorimer, a Scottish Academician. The print itself is by a new process, and looks like a mezzotint. The colour, delicacy of gradation and tone are exactly those of a mezzotint. The original picture represents an "Ordination of Elders in a Scottish Kirk," and was exhibited by Mr. Lorimer last summer at the French Salon. In the centre of the composition an old minister, standing, with his face bent down, holds up his hands in a devotional attitude. He wears a black gown, and has white bands. On either side are three elders, the whole six being so grouped as to form, with the minister, a carefully considered composition. We see but little composition at the present day in English art, and must not fail to recognize how influential it is in a picture like this. The elders and some members of the congregation who appear in the background are all deeply impressed with the solemnity of the service in which they are taking part. Altogether, the scene is a singular one for an artist to choose, and for an engraver to publish, but there can be no question that it is good in art, and, considering the subject, exceedingly interesting. It is said that the picture was very highly appreciated in Paris, where simplicity and sincerity are not common qualities in painting.

A SHORT HISTORY OF CHINA.*

THE endeavour to write a short history of China sounds very like the traditional attempt to put a quart measure into a pint pot. A nation which is the oldest in the world, and the annals of which date back to a time when Nimrod ruled in Assyria, and when Menes sat on the throne of the Pharaohs, must have been singularly happy if it has a history which by any excuse can be called short. No one is more conscious of this than Mr. Boulger, whose larger *History of China*, published some years ago, is a standing instance of the impossibility of covering the whole ground in a short space. Two courses were open to him in his present enterprise. He might condense his facts into a series of short, dry statements, or he might skim lightly over the history of the dynasties which ruled before the advent of the Manchus, who now occupy the throne, and enlarge on such recent events as were likely to be of interest to the general reader. In one case his work might have served as a handy book of reference;

* *A Short History of China; being an Account for the General Reader of an Ancient Empire and People.* By Demetrius C. Boulger. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1893.

in the other it might be possible to treat his subject in a popular manner. Mr. Boulger made his choice, and it is unnecessary to question the wisdom of his selection. With probably very good reason he adopted the latter course, and has made his history short by cramming the records of upwards of three thousand years into forty-six pages.

Of the vexed question of the origin of the Chinese he says nothing, and sketches briefly the crystallization of the people into a nation. At the end of the third page he brings us to the time of Laoutze, the founder of Taoism (sixth century B.C.), and in the two next pages he covers the ground between that period and the building of the Great Wall in the third century before Christ. By such leaps and bounds he quickly passes on to the time when the forces of Jenghiz Khan invaded the Empire in the thirteenth century. From this event onward he slackens his pace, and he gives a fairly full history of the Mongol (1260-1368), the Ming (1368-1644), and the present dynasties. This arrangement is probably one which suits best the general reader, who cares nothing for ancient history, and is in general sympathy with the remark of the old woman when she first heard of the Crucifixion:—"As it happened so long ago let us hope it is not true." For him the events about which he knows something possess the greatest interest, and Mr. Boulger, having determined to cater for him, has been wise in devoting half of his volume to the events of the present century.

In the history of these dynasties, which the author gives in greater detail, we have, as it were, an epitome of the annals of the country since the foundation of the Empire. Instead of the progress of the nation being, as is sometimes imagined, an unchequered record of continuous succession, its history is broken up into short lengths by successful rebellions and victorious invasions. Of the three dynasties we are speaking of only one was Chinese, the other two having been imposed on the country by Mongolian and Manchu conquerors. Nothing is more remarkable in the Chinese records than the readiness with which any yoke is worn so soon as it has been firmly riveted on the shoulders of the people. The seclusion in which the reigning sovereign is always kept precludes the possibility of personal loyalty to him, and the dictum of the ancient sage that obedience is only due so long as the sovereign rules under the guidance of Heaven, makes it easy for the people to transfer their allegiance to any successful usurper, whether from abroad or from among their own countrymen. The wars which were waged against the invading hordes which followed the banners of Jenghiz Khan are samples of the contests which have, on most occasions, accompanied changes of dynasty. At first the revolution has been hotly contested, and, as in the case of the Mongol ascendancy, hostilities have been carried on in the distant parts of the empire long after the usurper has ascended the throne. In such wars the loss of life has been terrible, though we may vainly hope that the figures are multiplied by Oriental exaggeration. Mr. Boulger tells us that during the troublous times which heralded the accession of the present dynasty 600,000 non-combatants were massacred in one city alone, and that elsewhere about the same time 400,000 women were put to death. In his history of the Mongols Sir Henry Howarth states that "from 1211 to 1223 18,470,000 human beings perished in China and Tangut alone at the hands of Jenghiz and his followers." Such figures, even if we are not called upon to accept them literally, are evidences of the fiery ordeals through which the country has passed to a change of dynasty; and this makes it all the more remarkable that, so soon as the new *régime* has been established in a province or district, the people have accepted it as a decree of fate, and have been willing when the time came to defend it against attack with all the ardour with which their fathers had opposed it.

At the time of the Taiping rebellion it was remarked by a Chinese statesman that the end of the Manchu rule was doubtless come, since the normal duration of a dynasty was two hundred years. This is about the length of time which it has taken to sap the strength and destroy the energies of the new lines of sovereigns which have occupied the throne from time to time. With unvarying repetition the founders of new dynasties have been succeeded by men of gradually diminishing abilities. Being either Tartar monarchs or plebeian natives they have been entirely unused to such luxury as is to be found at a Chinese Court, and though men who can revolutionize an empire are probably strong enough to resist the allurements of debasing pleasures, it has not been so with their descendants; and the time has invariably come when the follies and vices of effete scions of hardy forefathers have been taken advantage of to rouse the country against their rulers. Thus it was with the Mongol dynasty established by Jenghiz Khan, whose degenerate descendant in the twelfth degree fell an easy victim to the forces led by a Buddhist monk. In the same way the sceptre which had been worthily

held by this man passed eventually into the hands of a weakling who vainly strove to check the invasion of his Manchu enemies; and it is not too much to say that, had it not been for the help afforded by England to the Chinese Government at the time of the Taiping rebellion, the vaticination of the statesman above quoted would probably have been fulfilled.

Of the relations of England with China Mr. Boulger gives a full and interesting account. He traces them from the time of Lord Macartney's mission at the close of the reign of the Emperor K'ienlung, through the various difficulties and wars down to the present time, and these, by the help of an agreeable literary style, he is able to present in a readable and attractive form. He is not a Chinese scholar, and native names are naturally, therefore, a stumbling-block to him. At the same time, a little care would have removed many of the blemishes in this respect which lie thick on his pages. His authorities being mainly French, most of the proper names are represented in the very un-English orthography adopted by the Jesuit writers, and many of the names are wrongly spelt according to any orthography. This is to be regretted, especially in the case of geographical names, since in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the name of a town or locality is descriptive of its position, and the sense of this is entirely lost when it appears under a false or corrupted guise.

LEAVES FROM A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY.*

MR. PARKER GILLMORE has come nearer than most sportsmen could have done to deserving his *nom de plume* of "Ubique." There seem to be few parts of the globe of which he cannot say something from personal experience. And, like all good sportsmen, he is an intelligent and observant naturalist. The present volume is a selection of fugitive leaves from his note-books. It contains many valuable hints as to guns, dogs, &c., and it gives useful advice as to where sport may be obtained by men who have more leisure than cash. We do not doubt for a moment that the information was to be relied on, but it would have been better had Mr. Gillmore been more precise as to dates. Circumstances change quickly in new countries, with accelerated progress of civilization or emigration; and Illinois or the Transvaal may not be what they were when Mr. Gillmore made them his happy hunting grounds. Be that as it may, we shall best give an idea of the "Leaves" by tearing out a few which have taken our fancy.

There are some good stories illustrative of the idiosyncrasies of wild animals. When bivouacking in Upper Canada, and living chiefly on fish and wild fowl, he tells of the difficulty of protecting the larder from the bears, who, in addition to their climbing powers, have marvellously keen scent, and almost human sagacity. Even the carcajou is not a more formidable nuisance to the hunter who is camping out in the wilds. Thus there are curious anecdotes as to the voracity and ferocity of the eagle, whether in freedom or confinement. We know that that Prince of the powers of the air attacks lambs and sheep, and sometimes foxes, in the Scottish Highlands; and Mr. Gillmore tells of one that swooped on a favourite dog of his, and bore him away across a lake to devour at leisure. That dog, being on the warpath himself, may be said to have been fair game; but there is a pathetic tale of the fate of a pet Skye terrier. An eagle was prisoner at large in a yard at Fort George, with *carte blanche* to tackle any cats which intruded on his privacy. Cats were considered a good riddance; but unluckily the Skye one day was shut up by some mischance in the dangerous precincts, and the whole of the garrison went metaphorically into mourning when they found only some tattered relics of the much-lamented deceased. It appears that the Boers of South Africa have strange notions as to certain local snakes, which seem never to have come under the notice of English *savants*. There is the hoop snake, which can change himself into a cycle, and trundle after the mounted traveller at a tremendous pace. More wonderful still is the glass snake, which, when threatened by danger, can break itself up in short pieces, and scatter like a covey of young grouse or black game; when the danger has gone by all the bits will begin whistling, and piece themselves together as firmly as before. Mr. Gillmore gives from personal knowledge an unpleasant idea of the profusion of the venomous and deadly puff-adder in some districts of Africa Felix. In a single hour's tramp he saw or bagged upwards of a dozen. Indeed, were it not that they are extremely sluggish, they would make these waterless wastes absolutely uninhabitable. It is a far cry from the parched wilderness of the Kalihari to the well-watered valley of the Thames. Mr. Gillmore, though

* *Leaves from a Sportsman's Diary.* By Parker Gillmore (Ubique). London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1893.

he takes pessimist views of the matter, has some sensible remarks on the prospects of stocking the Thames with trout. No river, he says, is naturally more admirable breeding-ground. Yet the captures of decently-sized trout are very few and far between. The reason is that they get no rest in their favourite haunts; the steam-launches, and small craft of all kinds, plough the gravelly bottoms of each backwater and creek; and the long-necked swans, who are always on the feed, play the mischief with the spawn and small fry.

If things have not altered since Mr. Gillmore wrote, there can be no better country—at certain seasons—for combining capital sport with reasonable economy than the States of Western America. Nor need the sportsman go far to the West. It is true that Mr. Gillmore tells of delightful mixed bags which he put together in Nebraska; but what he describes as the "best snipe-shooting in the world" he found in Illinois and Indiana. Moreover, ducks of many species, and the various tribes of wild geese, are almost as plentiful as the snipe. He estimates the cost of a two months' trip at the absurdly low figure of 50*l*. The local farmers will board a guest for sixteen shillings a week; they make him extremely comfortable in every way; they will be willing to lend him their spring-waggons for love; and the chief objection is said to be the danger of carrying flirtation too far with the pretty daughters. The *habitat* of the snipe is a long slough, terminating in swamp and a chain of lagoons. Very probably the district is malarious; but we presume that may be corrected by tobacco, Old Rye, and quinine. Mr. Gillmore's average bag was from eight to ten dozen of snipe; and he seldom set to work before 10 A.M. Elsewhere, he gives a marvellous account of a day among the migratory wildfowl in Nebraska. A farm-hand came in one morning, full of excitement, to say that a neighbouring cornfield, which had been given over to the hogs, in consequence of the crops having proved a failure, was "booming with wildfowl"! A sharp change in the weather had precipitated the winter flights, so that they had set in with a phenomenal rush. The ducks came on and came down in clouds, making a noise like thunder with the reverberation of innumerable wings. The air seemed to be darkened, and the cornfield was the central attraction. The traveller's guns got over-heated, and his great supply of cartridges had almost given out, when the geese arrived in legions, bringing up the rear. When he fired, as they were on the point of pitching, there was a general *sauve qui peut*; but the birds were so crowded together that they could scarcely rise. In fact, the slaughter was almost revolting; for the pile of game nearly filled a wagon. Then there is a long and interesting article on Giraffe-hunting in South Africa; but some of the best of the country in which Mr. Gillmore enjoyed his sport must have been cleared of big game long ere now by the steady advances of Dutchmen and gold-diggers.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

IN the introduction to the *Confessions of a Fool* the reader is prepared for a "thorough, patient, and scientific" investigation of the author's subject. The introduction, like the rest of the book, being written in the first person singular, the hero declares his intention of employing "every available source of the latest psychologic science, suggestion, thought-reading, mental torture. Neither," he adds, "will I disdain the more ancient methods of lock-breaking, letter-opening, and forgery. It is not for me to decide whether this be monomania or sudden madness. That I leave to the intelligent and unprejudiced reader. In these pages he may find some elements of the physiology of love, some fragments of pathological psychology, and a fragment of the philosophy of crime." That the madness is not sudden must be patent to any reader of the Swedish playwright's latest achievement, intelligent and unprejudiced, or otherwise. For *Die Beichte eines Thoren* (1) an indictment of Scandinavian society, with the hero's wife as a typical central figure, extends over three hundred and thirty closely printed pages, and ends with the following exclamation:—"The story is finished. Beloved, I am avenged, we can cry quits." The interest—for those who can be interested in the piling up of horrors—is accentuated by the fact that the hero is made so closely in the image of his maker. He is the recipient of an infinitesimal Government stipend as a "Court Librarian," the author of notorious plays, pamphlets, and treatises—which place him in the front rank of the aristocracy of literature, the cynosure of the mental eye, the victim of envy, and the professed philosopher of what he is pleased to define as "jovial pessimism." "All being no-

thing, why make any fuss about it, especially as truth is but an accident? Have we not recently discovered that the truth of yesterday is but the nonsense of to-day. Why drain the forces of youth to invent new nonsense?" Quite so. Then wherefore these three hundred and thirty odd pages? There is a certain novelty in so much "matter in the wrong place," for although its component elements may have been gleaned amid the refuse of French, Russian, and Danish pessimism, the fiction of these schools has always made its first appearance in its own language and country. Whereas the particular fool to whom Herr Strindberg is sponsor chooses or is constrained to confess himself in an alien tongue, and to appear in foreign garb.

Kallia Kypris (2), a story of Syracuse in the fifth century B.C., is inspired by the headless Syracusan Venus. It opens with the return of the sculptor Ktesias to his native city, bearing with him a huge block of Attic stone for the statue of the goddess. He is accompanied by his newly-wedded wife Kallia, daughter to the Athenian general Alkisthenes, and the golden-haired slave Sigurt, their adopted son. The beautiful Athenian is hailed as "Kallia Kypris" by the populace, and welcomed as a bond of union and good-will between the natives and their Greek rulers and fellow-citizens. For Ktesias comes of old Sicilian stock; his father had enjoined upon him, from his childhood, to dedicate his life to the fusion of the two races. "The Greeks," he had said, "are a higher and more powerful race than our own, and are destined to lead our people to a higher culture. Be thou, their light-bringer, a living bond between the Old and the New." Thus had his father spoken and, when he died, thus had spoken Hermokrates, now military Governor of Syracuse, and the wise Herakleides, the priest of Artemis, to whom the dying man had confided his child. Ktesias had not understood these words at the time they were spoken, but the sense of them had grown with his growth, and the years he spent in Athens, perfecting his art under Phidias, and absorbing the Athenian civilization, had but lent this purpose a new energy. The sculptor's betrayal by his old playfellow, the fanatical Sicanos, the part played by both in the Athenian invasion under Nikias, the mutilation of the statue made in the image of Kallia, the humiliation of her vindictive rival Palika, sister to Sicanos, the tragic end of the devoted Sigurt, the intervention of the Troglodytes in the affairs of the rival factions, and the ultimate triumph of Progress and true Patriotism, are told with sufficient *verve* to be satisfactory to lovers of the archaic novel.

Was die Gräfin sann (3) ("How the Countess Schemed") tells how Countess Estella von Thierstein, a contemporary of Rudolph, founder of the Imperial dynasty of Habsburg, plotted and schemed, ousted a bastard usurper of her husband's rights, gave her rough lord sovereign power, won for him, by her wit and her wiles, powerful allies. And all in vain. For, after Hans von Thierstein had dealt summary justice to the traitor who, having robbed him of his heritage, sought to rob him of his wife, he was seized with a remorse which the insight and power of the author have made not only probable, but logical, despite the rudeness of the times. So that when Hans von Thierstein owned fifty strongholds and as many thousand vassals, and needed but to hold out his hand for the ducal cap Estella meant to "hang over the cradle of the son God would give her, now that the boundary-stones of the Thiersteins were to lie on the heights of the Jura and the Schwarzwald," he chose to live apart from his wife and die, the last of his race, in the ranks of those Swiss peasants he had subdued and branded, in memory of their revolt, with the arms of Habsburg. The high courage of Estella, her absolute devotion to her husband, the ambition that made her cruel, the love that made her tender, the wit that made her successful, and, above all, the author's crispness and freshness of presentment, enhance the subtle charm of the most attractive figure we have met with, for a long time, in German fiction. Not less vivid is his treatment of her time and surroundings, nor less living the figures of Hans and his wily brother, their friends, thralls, and enemies, nor less resonant the voice in which these dead and gone people, compelled by true poetic power, speak to the modern ear.

It is not so easy to realize the *Moderne Menschen* (4), despite their sub-title of "Sketches from Life," of Frau E. Lisz-Blanc; not because they abuse their right as moderns to be complex, but because, as the ungrateful aesthete said of the policeman who picked him out of the gutter, they are "too ugly to be allowed to exist." *Ces gens-là ne sont pas nés*. Even in "sketches" there should be some selection, and we confess to not being riveted by the

(2) *Kallia Kypris*. Roman aus Alt-Syrakus. Von A. Schneegans. Berlin: Verlag des Vereins der Bücherfreunde.

(3) *Was die Gräfin sann*. Roman von Ernst Remin. Leipzig: Verlag von Carl Reizner.

(4) *Moderne Menschen: Skizzen aus und nach dem Leben*. Von Lisa Weise (E. Lisz-Blanc). Berlin: Verlag von Gebrüder Paetel.

(1) *Die Beichte eines Thoren*. Roman. Von August Strindberg. Berlin: Verlag des Bibliographischen Bureaus.

elaborate picture of a "Café paré bei Frau Bankier Hillman." Be it known to the uninitiate that a *café paré* appears to be a five o'clock gathering in a plutocratic dining-room, at which eight or nine over-dressed women eat more cakes than can be good for them, and talk much twaddle about social questions, to the disgust of a with-humanitarian-enthusiasm-overflowing governess who is instructing the *Bankier's-töchter*, in the next room. Their clothes are to us as is the red rag to the bull or the policeman's buttons to the aesthete; and the hungry peasant woman who might have picked up one of their diamond watches on the stairs, but refrained, was surely more foolish than the average down-trodden and to-be-commiserated woman-of-the-people. This luxurious vision is followed by six "sketches" entitled "Die Handelsfrau," "Die Wittwe," "Die Braut," "Die Haus-tochter," "Der Bettler," "Das Hausmädchen," and four short stories wherein the author's fancy attempts a not much higher flight.

In *Eine Frau* (5) Herr von Heydenfeldt offers a solution of one of Count Tolstoi's favourite problems, a study given as "a refutation and continuation of the *Kreutzer Sonata*." The continuation lies in a discussion of this work by several imaginary persons, the refutation in the absolute abnegation of the woman who is the subject of this study. *Entsagen sollst du*, which she does, as other women, and men too, have done before her, thereby solving the problem, in so far as she is herself concerned, and leaving it unsolved by a consort whose "artistic temperament" saves him from abnegation and the tackling of abstruse questions.

Im Klub der Siebenundfünfziger (6)—"In the Club of the Fifty-sevens" much *Weisbier* was drunk and good stories were told. So good, indeed, so short, of so fine a humour, of so delicate a charm of style, that it would be almost a vandalism to analyse them within the margin at our disposal. We pause only to commend to soldiers of all countries the exquisitely droll story of Captain Müller, albeit the particular soldier to whom Herr Corssen addresses himself must love rather to smile than to laugh. But then he will smile to the bone, as will no less the readers of "the very interesting Story of Banker Treugeld, the Story of Namusch, the Great Lyric Poet of Cities, the Story told by the Journalist to checkmate the Major," and others too numerous to dwell upon. The story-tellers are as entertaining as the stories, so keen a sense of their idiosyncrasies, mental and physical, does the author of this charming book convey by a few light and skilful touches.

M. C. delle Grazie's *Italische Vignetten* (7) have all the merits and, it must be added, many of the faults of this clever lady's earlier work. The skill and power of the unrhymed first stanzas of *Pompei*, the artistic delight that underlies the melancholy of *Fariglioni*, the rhythm, the music, and the mirage of *Mondesnacht* are almost beyond praise; while *Scirocco-Phantasien* are curious and not wholly successful efforts of a purely lyrical imagination after lurid effects, a dangerous experiment when approached by a mind that is aught but sternly objective.

We have besides to acknowledge a dramatized life of Zwingli, a reprint of *Sulzigg*, a tragic *Volstück*, and a volume of verse entitled *Denksteine am Lebensweg*, by Herr Pastor Wysard (8), a voluminous treatise on the *Colonization of Eastern Germany*, by Dr. Max Sering (9), a satirical contribution to the folklore of Bohemia, levelled rather at the folklorists than at their lore, by Dr. Friedrich S. Krauss (10), three numbers, 67, 69, 70, of the *Encyklopädie der Naturwissenschaften* (11) containing respectively, a dictionary of zoology, anthropology, and ethnology, P to R—a dictionary of chemistry and articles on acids, a contribution to the "Modern German Series" in the form of two essays. *Robert Blake and Cromwell* (12), by Reinhold Pauli, the preface being a short biographical sketch of the author, edited by C. W. S. Corser, M.A., and Part I. of *Avesta Grammar* in

comparison with *Sanscrit*, with an Introduction on the *Avesta* (13), by an American philologist. This Anglo-Iranian work, as clearly conceived and executed as may be the treatment of an abstruse subject, has been beautifully printed at Stuttgart.

A SCHEME FOR LONDON.*

THERE are so many questions begged in Mr. Cawston's handsome volume that it is not very easy to select one or another for special examination. Perhaps the first fallacy that strikes the reader is that which leads Mr. Cawston to fancy that we all hate the parks, and would like to see them turned into boulevards or something of the kind. For example, we may take St. James's Park. At present it is the most frequented of all the west London open spaces. It is a playground for the poor children of Westminster. Yet Mr. Cawston says it is "practically shut off from any part of the every-day life of the people." To remedy this purely imaginary grievance, Mr. Cawston would cross it with wide roads, leaving only here and there patches of grass, and diminishing the space available as a playground to vanishing point. He complains that, though there are carriage roads all round, there is none through it. Precisely so, and the anxious mother can turn her little children in, to feed the ducks and roll on the grass, without the slightest danger of anything worse than a wetting. He would do away with the sweet-smelling flower-beds; and how sweet they are many of us going to or coming from Westminster during this interminable Session can testify. Instead Mr. Cawston would have the best part of the Park covered with wide roads on arches, meeting at a round point adorned with five statues, and surrounded by stone balustrades. It is almost incredible that any one—even its inventor—should think such a scheme as this an improvement. His "remedy" in every case is similar, and we begin to wonder as we read, "Has Mr. Cawston ever been in St. James's Park or in Hyde Park?" The only possible answer is that he knows nothing of London but what he has read. As to one or two points he is singularly mistaken. He says, justly enough, that the south side of the Thames, from Westminster Bridge to Waterloo Bridge, is unsightly. It certainly is sometimes. But Mr. Cawston's remedy would be to make a long building on pillars, and form a kind of junior Billingsgate. If Mr. Cawston knew a little recent London history, he would remember the fate of Columbia Market, of Oxford Market, of Hungerford Market, and other enterprises of the kind. The average Londoner does not care for markets. If Mr. Cawston could persuade Mr. Whiteley or Mr. Barker or Mr. Harrod to open a store, then this part of his scheme might possibly succeed, but one Borough Market in the neighbourhood would probably be found enough.

The fact is, Mr. Cawston believes in the London County Council. To him, therefore, any other belief, however wild, becomes easy to swallow. It is just possible that he is in no way acquainted with that august body. He dedicates his book briefly "To my fellow-townsmen." He does not tell us to what town he belongs. It cannot be Westminster, as that is not a town, but a city. He may be speaking of some imaginary town of London, but there is no internal evidence to that effect. He dates a short preface from Queen Anne's Gate. In this document he makes a curious statement: "A Royal Commission is now actually formulating the method by which the ancient and exclusive Corporation of that square mile in our midst called the City can be expanded to take in all London." This is very interesting, and it would be more so if we could feel sure Mr. Cawston is in the secret. True, we all know that a kind of humble imitation of the Evicted Tenants' Commission is sitting with closed doors, and that it will probably lead to equally practical results.

Mr. Cawston has evidently studied with much approval the works by which Paris was transformed. He may be old enough to remember what it was like before. Of course the population has somewhat increased. But old Paris was picturesque. It was full of ancient palaces and churches, and its winding streets at every turn disclosed something interesting historically or beautiful artistically. As to healthiness, widening and straightening the streets leave it in this respect as it was. Mr. Cawston may rest assured that his schemes, if they could be carried out, would not make London any healthier than it is, while the death rate would be appreciably increased owing to the accidents in the widened streets. Mr. Cawston is very powerful

(13) *Avesta Grammar*. By A. V. Williams Jackson, of Columbia College, New York City. Part I. *Phonology, Inflection, Word-Formation*. Stuttgart: W. Kohlhammer.

* *A Comprehensive Scheme for Street Improvements in London*. By Arthur Cawston, A.R.I.B.A. London: Stanford. 1893.

(5) *Eine Frau: Studie nach dem Leben*. Von H. K. von Heydenfeldt. Leipzig: Verlag von Carl Reizner.

(6) *Im Klub der Siebenundfünfziger*. Von Friedrich Corssen. Leipzig: Verlag von Carl Reizner.

(7) *Italische Vignetten*. Von M. delle Grazie. Leipzig: Breitkopf u. Härtel.

(8) *Zwingli, Sulzigg und Denksteine am Lebensweg*. Von Alex. Wysard. London: Verlag V. A. Siegle.

(9) *Die innere Kolonisation im östlichen Deutschland*. Von Prof. Dr. Max Sering. Leipzig: Duncker u. Humblot.

(10) *Böhmische Korallen aus der Götterwelt*. Von Friedrich S. Krauss. Wien: Gebrüder Rubinstein.

(11) *Encyklopädie der Naturwissenschaften*. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Robert Blake, Cromwell. Zwei ausgewählte Aufsätze*. Von Reinhold Pauli. Edited by C. W. S. Corser. London: Rivington, Percival, & Co.

upon the shape and position of corners, but, as far as experience teaches, every corner and crossing in the Utopian London would be as dangerous as Mr. Shaw-Lefevre has made Hyde Park Corner, and some would be simply impassable. It is not possible, however, to take seriously a book in which the opening up of every place seems to be the chief object. Enormously wide roads are to be driven through the Temple and the Temple Gardens. Lincoln's Inn is to be merely a feature in a newly laid out park of asphalt, with fountains and statues. Gray's Inn Gardens—at present a paradise for children—is to be thrown open, a wide road driven through it, and the children abolished. All quiet corners, all *culs-de-sac*, are to be made thoroughfares, and so on. Mr. Cawston will never get his way, or any part of it, till he has a Baron Haussmann in London, with an Emperor over him who wants to be able to sweep the whole place, from one end to the other, with his artillery whenever the people require a little blood-letting. By the way, one of Mr. Cawston's plans includes a place for political meetings, to relieve Trafalgar Square. But how will Mr. Cawston make the agitators use it? The noble British working man will not care to meet unless he can also make himself a nuisance. In praising the maps, and especially the drawings, we must not be understood as praising any other part of Mr. Cawston's scheme for putting asphalt, statues, and fountains into the place of trees, grass, and babies.

FISHING AGAIN.*

THE fishing experiences of Major Hopkins are enclosed in a neat green cover, embellished with gold and a drawing of a rod, basket, and gold-fish, and inside the cover they are prettily illustrated, but they will not afford much information of value to the old fishing hand. They consist of anecdotes more or less amusing and interesting, and doubtless the younger brethren may glean hints from them which they will take to heart. The book can be classed amongst the light literature of fishing, a literature of which there have been some sufficiently heavy examples. Fishing enthusiasm is common with those who practise the art, and the enthusiast will find here something wherewithal to stay his craving. Every man who has passed much of his time in fishing must have something to say, and, faith! there is no reason why he should not print it. It must all add something to the vast heap of fishing lore that has accumulated since Isaac Walton's time, and it is a legitimate hope that the capture of fish, with the food of man thereby acquired, may be increased in due proportion.

Major Hopkins has invented a bait for bass-fishing (North Devon, not American) which he calls Tickle-toby. It seems to be part of the poetry of fishing to invent fantastic and alarming names for the bait. The artificial minnow used to be called a Kill-devil, we have heard of a fly called the Bloody Doctor, and now we have Tickle-toby. There are some remarkable names applied to salmon flies, not more remarkable, however, than the flies themselves, but possibly less gaudily brilliant.

If any ambitious fisherman wants to know Major Hopkins's ideas about "The Fast Reel," let him turn to chapter xii. of this book, with its illustrations.

OUR INDIAN PROTECTORATE.†

THAT the Indian Civil Service, selected by competition, would contain men from the Public Schools and the Universities, of scholarly culture, high intelligence, and disciplined thought might have been confidently predicted. It is satisfactory to find that the possession of these estimable qualities is, in the instance before us, compatible with a just estimate of the labours of predecessors trained under such men as Lord Dalhousie and Lord Lawrence, and with an appreciation of the mixed good and evil in the Oriental character. Mr. Tupper seems to have spent a portion of his furlough in recording his views on divers problems not very easy of solution which have arisen, partly out of the closer communication of India with England, and partly from the force of circumstances and march of time. Mr. Tupper has gained local knowledge as a district officer, and he has acquired something of Imperial breadth of view in the Secretariat at Lahore and Calcutta. He has also had the leisure to arrange his materials, to recast his own productions, and to verify his authorities. Men in ac-

tive employment in India have often turned out pamphlets, letters, and bulky volumes replete with useful information at critical periods of Indian history. But the district or divisional officer, author *malgré lui*, may have to write at odd times, after work at high pressure, with an impending reminder from Headquarters that his annual report is long overdue, or with an unpleasant feeling that while he is catering for the reading public his half-million of ryots are getting somewhat out of hand. Possibly, he may be living too close to his materials. Mr. Tupper, as pointed out, has had leisure, the aid and advice of some eminent administrators, and discernment to amplify or condense chapters printed for private circulation in 1887. He describes his work as an "Introduction to the Study of the Relations between the British Government and its Indian Feudatories." We should characterize it as a summary of portions of history relating to laws and treaties rather than to sieges and battles, and also as a political forecast. There are chapters on the sovereignty of Mohammedan Emperors. We have sketches of the *Mahratta régime*, which usually consisted of sending an army to collect taxes, and the setting up of what the author not unelicitedly terms "a co-operative society for the pillage of an empire." A short account of Ranjit Sing leads to the conclusion that this vigorous and successful soldier was not, in civil administration, much ahead of Sivaji and his successors. All that may be conceded is that when we annexed the Panjab, it had not been turned into a complete desert, like parts of Central India. The chapters on the various Revenue systems are valuable, but too condensed for the average reader. And, as a general rule, an Indian administrator is most trustworthy when he does not try to make others understand the system of collecting revenue outside his own province, which he has not practically administered. Mr. Tupper is too good a scholar not to remember the Horatian warning against becoming obscure when you only wish to be brief.

In treating of the policy of Lord Dalhousie, of the annexation of Oudh, and of the doctrine of Lapse, the author is more just to the above eminent Statesman than was the late Sir John Kaye. In the first volume of *The Sepoy Mutiny* Lord Dalhousie is described as having made Rajas and Nawabs literally shiver and shrink by a startling discovery that when they had not forfeited their rights and interests by rebellion, the assassination of a Resident, or treachery, they might be deprived of their territories because an English Statesman could not be made to see that, in the mind of a Hindu, an adopted heir or son was quite as good as a son of the body. As a matter of fact, the Court of Directors had taken advantage of Lapses in the days of Lord Auckland and Lord Ellenborough; and of the three great Indian provinces annexed by Lord Dalhousie, one had cost us two arduous campaigns, and the effete and incapable sovereigns of another had been warned by three Governors-General of the consequences of persistent misrule and systematic violation of promises. It is very true that Lord Dalhousie did pen a Minute in which he strongly recommended that advantage should be taken of failure of natural heirs, to round off and consolidate the British possessions by a sort of Proprietors' Ring-fence. But this Statesman did leave a loophole or two, notably in the case of a Rajput Principality, and Lord Canning's policy after the lessons of the Mutiny was shaped and aided by a variety of considerations. In the first place, it was far easier for him in the hour of triumph to be generous, and he had no difficulty in boldly asserting and acting on the doctrine of the Paramount Power. Lord Dalhousie, like Warren Hastings and Wellesley before him, did not want critics in the press and in Parliament who were unable to see that we had really taken the place of Asoka and Aurangzib. Lord Canning converted what had been not exactly an open question, but one on which timid folk had their doubts, into an incontrovertible and sound maxim of State. His masterly State-paper granting the privilege of adoption to the native chiefs, *auspicio Regis et Senatus Angliæ*, to use the old form of the Court of Directors, was a real landmark in Indian history. From that time forth the Viceroy, in theory as well as in practice, was to be the sole fountain of honour, the referee in every dispute, and the court or registry to which every Nawab and Raja looked for the safety of his title-deeds.

Many of these questions are discussed by Mr. Tupper in a clear and connected fashion and with allowance for humane, generous, and politic motives on the part of those who have built up an administration resembling nothing else in the world. The nearest approach to the Indian Protectorate may be found, as Mr. Tupper remarks, in the position of a Roman prefect. But we have few materials for a Blue-book on the administration of Sicily or Bithynia by a Cicero or a Pliny.

If critics and reformers of the present day can only be warned in time, they will not think lightly of the dangers which now

* *Fishing Experiences of Half a Century.* By Major F. Powell Hopkins. Illustrated by the Author. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

† *Our Indian Protectorate.* An Introduction to the Study of the Relations between the British Government and its Indian Feudatories. By Charles Lewis Tupper, Indian Civil Service. London and New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1893.

menace Indian administration. Mr. Tupper, to our thinking, discerns them clearly enough. He is quite alive to native discontent; to wishes which cannot be quietly ignored and which it would be perilous wholly to gratify; to the exquisite absurdity of treating a loose congeries of ethnological fragments and dynastic scraps as if they made up a People or a Nationality; to the necessity of retaining a firm grip over province and district by Englishmen trained to rule, and fearless in responsible and difficult positions; and to the good effects of associating natives in the government of the country, without allowing them to shape the policy, to paralyse the action, or to alter the component parts of the whole structure.

To Mr. Tupper's readers, and even to Mr. Tupper himself, we should be inclined to say that some difficulties would disappear, and that others might be lightly regarded, if certain facts were boldly faced and certain principles were resolutely maintained. There should be an end to the loose phraseology adopted in Parliament or out of it about the evils inseparable from an "alien"—that is, a British rule. All India, since the days of Pithura, the last Hindu Raja who reigned at Hastinapura, and who went down, like Ralph de Vipont in the lists at Ashby, before the Mohammedan invader, has been under the government of foreigners. Eight hundred years have made obedience endurable and familiar, if not attractive. At this very moment some chiefs are ruling over subjects with whom they have no more in common than we have. The Nizam of Haidarabad reckons his Hindu subjects at ninety per cent. of the population. In our own territories millions of the Mohammedans of Central and Eastern Bengal are paying rent—which is a sort of acknowledgment of a sovereign right—to Hindu Zamindars, whom they must despise as idolaters and who, according to high Mussalman authorities, have no right to demand any rent at all. Parsees, whose loyalty and liberality no one questions, are equally remote in religion, feeling, and manners from Christian, Mussalman, or Hindu. All India, in fact, is an *olla podrida* of rival sects, communities, and creeds. In the next place, when we have discarded the silly and sentimental talk about a hard, alien, and unsympathizing rule, we shall be face to face with the fact that the Englishman is the only possible policeman for the whole dependency. Nobody can take his place. If he is to rule, coerce, chasten, and reward, can it be right or prudent to subject him to what are called "interpellations," under the notion that you are teaching natives to govern themselves? In no administration in the world, ancient or modern, are there so many existing checks on mal-administration, so many opportunities for cancelling errors, so many loopholes for the escape of innocent persons, so many facilities for appeal against judicial miscarriage or tortuous executive acts.

The employment of natives in certain posts, and with a certain limit of numbers, has been recommended by administrators of opposite views and varied experience; and in judicial offices, from the lowest subordinate judgeship to seats in the High Courts, they have done excellent service. But it is another thing to invest them with the right of Parliamentary criticism in the Legislative Councils. They have, we learn, at once begun by asking about the cost of the Lieutenant-Governor's tours. We shall very soon hear of them arraigning the conduct of a district officer who has to act at once and with vigour in some fierce controversy as to rents, indigo, and the measurement of land; and when the skin of a pig has defiled the beard of a Mulla, or the shin-bone of an ox has been mingled with the evening sacrifice at a Hindu shrine. This is not the association of natives in the task of governing the country. It is the severance of the Englishman from his duty and position. It can only tend to paralyse action, bewilder the agriculturist and the mechanic, inflate the Baboo, and make the Commissioner ridiculous. We have just seen that it is not quite as easy to put down a riot at Bombay as it is to disperse a meeting in Trafalgar Square. But superior persons seem to think that the cant of the Radical platform is admirably suited to the Oriental *chabutara*, and that it is perfectly possible, by mere words, to make the political clock keep the same time all over the civilized, half-civilized, and uncivilized world.

POETS AND POETRY OF THE CENTURY.*

MR. MILES'S eighth volume—oddly entitled *Robert Bridges and Contemporary Poets*—almost completes his formidable undertaking, and what may be called the new Chalmers will be ready for the next-century critic, with additions only of Poets, "Humorous and Sacred." The task of representing the poetry and verse of the century, "from George Crabbe to Rudyard

Kipling," is undoubtedly a task of some difficulty. The present volume, which deals with some eighty writers, most of whom are living, comprises the most delicate portion of the enterprise. If it should prove the least satisfactory volume of the series, that is not entirely to be ascribed to the editor. We may assume that permission to select from certain books was not to be obtained of the holders of copyrights. Thus, while Mr. Kipling is well represented, other writers, like Mr. W. Watson, are discussed without any selection of verse, excepting in the form of quotation. This is a serious defect in a work that claims to be a "popular encyclopædia." But there are other defects not less serious, and quite inexplicable, since they might easily have been avoided. A popular encyclopædia should be complete. It ought also to show something like an equality of representation. The editorial pen should have impartially excised such excessive laudation of friendly commentators as is unfortunately too common in the volume. Eulogy is entirely out of place in such a work. All that was required is criticism, appreciative and judicious, with a synopsis of books, dates, and biographical facts. When we find Mr. Miles's work to be incomplete, we are not referring to the inclusion of every writer of magazine verse, though Mr. Miles has gone a long way towards realizing that generous ideal of comprehension. The omission of a single poet were a serious matter in a popular encyclopædia. There are, indeed, several poets entirely omitted from the work. The naming of them here is unnecessary, since they appear in Mr. Traill's list, and will occur to everybody who is interested in contemporary poetry. Then, as to representation, the scheme of the volume is not a little capricious. That admirable song-writer, Mr. A. P. Graves, is cast away in a supplementary "Ac Etiam" with a single brief paragraph. He is exiled, it is true, with other reputable poets, such as Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Theo. Marzials, and two or three more. Writers of whom few have ever heard are adjudged little short of twenty pages apiece. The study of the verse of these writers, and of the prefatory eulogy—few of these prefaces show any sense of fitness or proportion—has not left us penitent for our previous ignorance. The ordering of this disparity passes understanding. Some rule of uniformity, like the strict ten minutes for speakers at a meeting, might have been usefully enforced by Mr. Miles. Those who think that Mr. Robert Bridges "has rediscovered the forgotten metrical perfection of Milton, and has carried it still further," may justly feel that the forty-eight pages devoted to the poet are not too many. But if any think, with Mr. Lionel Johnson, that the imagination of Michael Field, her ardour, and her magnificence, are, in kind, not other than the imagination, the ardour, and the magnificence, of Shakspeare, eighteen pages of representation and *éloge* may seem insufficient. Obviously, without some rigid rule, as we have indicated, it is difficult to avoid such piquant examples of irregularity in representation as this work offers.

THE ANCIENT MEGALOPOLIS.*

THE city of Megalopolis, which stood about twenty miles from Tegea, in the plain which separated Elis from Laconia, was unlike many other Greek sites whose origin went back to prehistoric times, and was associated with the exploits of mythical heroes or demi-gods.

Megalopolis was founded, on a previously unoccupied site, a few months after the Spartan defeat at Leuktra in 371 B.C. The new city was intended to serve as a general place of meeting for the great Pan-Arcadian Assembly of ten thousand men, the *κοινὸν τῶν Ἀρκάδων*, and also, in the second place, to form, like Tegea and Mantinea, an important bulwark for the protection of Arcadia against the Spartans. To a great extent the city was founded under the auspices of the famous Theban general Epaminondas, who, as Pausanias remarks, may justly be considered as the *οἰκιστὴς* of Megalopolis.

The handsome volume which has been published by the Hellenic Society contains a very full and careful account of the excavations which have been carried on by various members of the British Archaeological School in Athens, under the general superintendence of Mr. E. A. Gardner, the Director of the School, during 1890 and 1891.

Though the results of this excavation have not been of a sensational or showy kind, and certainly not rich in the discovery of statues or other works of art, yet it may be said that an ample harvest has been reaped from the time and money which has been spent, and that much which is of the highest interest to all students of classical archaeology has been brought to light.

* *Excavations at Megalopolis, 1890-1891.* (The Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies; Supplementary Papers, No. 1.) By E. A. Gardner, W. Loring, G. C. Richards, W. J. Woodhouse, and R. W. Schultz. London: Macmillan.

* *The Poets and the Poetry of the Century—Robert Bridges and Contemporary Poets.* Edited by Alfred H. Miles. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1893.

One highly important find from these excavations has already been very ably edited by Mr. W. Loring, and published in Vol. XI. of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*—namely, a large and hitherto unknown portion of Diocletian's famous edict *De pretiis rerum venalium*.

The principal discovery which is described and illustrated in this volume consists of two adjacent buildings, a theatre of unusual size, and the Thersilion, or great Hall of Assembly for the ten thousand delegates of Arcadia.

These remains are well described by Mr. R. W. Schultz, who illustrates his paper with a carefully-drawn set of measured drawings, and for the most part leaves all theorizing as to date and other doubtful points to his colleagues. Thus, Mr. Schultz's portion of this volume is the most important and permanently valuable; a good deal of the rest is based upon theories, some of which will, probably, have on further consideration to be abandoned or considerably modified. To some extent the excavators at Megalopolis have laboured under the grave disadvantage of being rather learned scholars than practical architects, and they have certainly, as Dr. Dörpfeld has pointed out, occasionally fallen into errors which a more complete practical knowledge of masonry and building would have enabled them to avoid.

It will probably be necessary, eventually, to accept all the most important parts of Dr. Dörpfeld's theories with regard to the Thersilion and theatre of Megalopolis; and we gather from an editorial note that Mr. W. Loring, the chief of the Megalopolis excavators, has already come to the conclusion that his own and Mr. Gardner's views will have to give way to those of the very accomplished German scholar and architect.

The theatre of Megalopolis, as shown by Mr. Schultz, is set against the side of a little hill, in the usual fashion of Greek theatres; its *cavea*, or *auditorium*, is of great size, capable of holding nearly twenty thousand people, at least if they were crowded together as closely as seems to have been not uncommon in Greek theatres. The slope, section of the seats, stairs, and concentric passages or *diazomata*, are all of the usual Greek type during the fourth century B.C. The front, or lowest, row of seats consists of a series of thrones, with backs and ends cut out of solid blocks of limestone, very like those at the Hieron of Asklepios, near Epidaurus. At the foot of these thrones is the rain-water drain (*oxerós*), running on a line concentric with that of the *cavea*—just as in the Athenian and Epidaurian theatres. A very interesting inscription, cut on the back of one of these groups of thrones, records the fact that they, and the rain-water gutter at their feet, were made and dedicated at the expense of a certain Antiochus, who, as Mr. Richards suggests, may not improbably be the famous pancratiast of that name who was sent as the representative of the Arcadian League to the Court of Persia, in 367 B.C. The inscription runs thus:—*Ἀντίοχος ἀγαθοθέτης ἀνέθηκε τὸν (τὸν) θρόνον (θρόνους) πέντας καὶ τὸν ὀξερὸν*. The form of the letters in this inscription bears witness to a date probably not later than the fourth century B.C. The other inscriptions cut on these seats give the names of the Arcadian tribes to whom places of honour were allotted at various periods, and they are mostly a good deal later than the original dedication of the Agonothetes.

Among the many points of exceptional interest in the theatre of Megalopolis was the discovery of a large room occupying the position of the usual western *parodos*. A number of inscribed roof-tiles which were found in this room by the excavators show that it was called the *σκανοθήκη*, or "property-room" for the storage of scenery—what would be called the "scene-dock" in a modern theatre. No similar room has yet been found in any other Greek theatre, and it is interesting to note that the construction of its walls shows that it was not a late addition, like certain other parts of the building.

The most remarkable thing about this very interesting theatre is the curious way in which it is linked on to another quite different building, the Thersilion, or Hall of Assembly, the great prostyle portico of which occupies precisely the position which in all other Greek theatres is taken by the *scenae-frons*—that is to say, a person coming out of the great hall, and leaving it by its portico, would step down into the orchestra of the theatre.

As this Thersilion is the only example of a Greek House of Parliament or Chamber of Representatives that has ever been discovered, it need hardly be said that it is a building of very great interest; indeed, the British School of Archaeology would have scored a triumph in their Megalopolis excavations if they had done nothing else but bring to light this novel and remarkable building. Even the most enthusiastic archaeological explorer must sometimes feel a little weary of the monotony of Greek temples, and it is with relief that one hails the discovery of so new a type of Hellenic architecture.

In general plan this Hall of Assembly most resembles the great Hall of Initiation into the Mysteries at Eleusis; but in many important points it is arranged quite differently. It consists of a rectangular building, measuring internally about 166 feet by 212 feet. The whole of this large area appears to have been roofed over, the timbers of the roof being supported by many rows of stone columns. The floor, which was probably of wood, sloped down from three sides of the hall towards the point on the central axis where the speaker evidently stood when addressing the assembly. The columns are set, not at regular intervals, but are ingeniously arranged so as to hide the orator from as few of his hearers as was possible. On the side towards the theatre, the hall was approached by a great prostyle Doric portico, with fourteen columns on the front. Originally there was an open row of columns between the portico and the hall; but this arrangement was probably found cold and draughty; so a few years later solid walls were built, filling up the intercolumniations, and in these walls three doors were constructed to give access to the hall from its portico.

On the first discovery of these doors, Mr. Gardner and Mr. Loring took them to be part of the original structure, and, thinking that they led on to the stage of the theatre, claimed that they had found distinct evidence of the existence of a raised stage at Megalopolis during the fourth century B.C. Dr. Dörpfeld, however, pointed out that the three doors were clearly later additions, and no real and conclusive evidence for there having been a raised stage at Megalopolis during its early period can now be brought forward.

Dr. Dörpfeld's opinion as to the relative dates of the Thersilion, or Hall of Assembly, and the theatre is quoted by Mr. Schultz at p. 27:—

"That the Thersilion was erected before the existing stone theatre; that there was originally a circular orchestra in front of the portico at the level of the foot of the original steps, and that when the present stone theatre was constructed the orchestra was lowered and the additional three steps added. It was probably also at this time that the back wall containing three doorways was erected to take the place of the openings, separated by columns, which originally connected the portico with the hall."

Mr. Gardner and Mr. Loring attempt to controvert Dr. Dörpfeld's views on these points; but their arguments seem weak and inadequate in the face of the constructional evidence which Dr. Dörpfeld reads and interprets with such consummate skill.

Another important part of this volume consists of a treatise by Mr. Loring on "The Town-walls and Internal Topography of Megalopolis," illustrated with an excellent map of the whole city. But little of the town-walls now exists, and the determination of the circuit required much careful observation and study of the natural contour of the ground. Mr. Loring shows that Megalopolis was a much larger city than had hitherto been supposed, occupying large areas on both sides of the river Helisson, which divided it into two nearly equal portions. The principal public buildings were grouped on both sides of the river, near the centre of the town; the theatre and the Thersilion being situated near the south bank, while on the opposite side of the river were the long Stoa Philippeios and the temenos of an important temple, probably that of Zeus Soter, a great part of which has been carried away by the encroachment of the river on its northern bank.

The numerous large plates of buildings and their details which illustrate the volume are mostly the work of Mr. Schultz. These form a most valuable set of drawings, evidently prepared with great care, which will be appreciated by all students of Greek architecture. This volume is, in fact, a very important contribution to our knowledge of Greek architecture, and it reflects much credit on all who have been concerned in its production. As Director of the British School of Archaeology, Mr. Gardner may be congratulated on the success of the enterprise, which has been so thoroughly carried out and so carefully studied.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IN noticing, last week, the number of *Les artistes célèbres* dealing with Moreau, we observed that it had not raised our opinion of that ingenious artist. M. Rocheblave's monograph on Cochin (1), which has followed it, has achieved that effect. The Cochin, like the Moreaus, were a numerous house, and the hundred and fifty years from the middle of the seventeenth to the end of the eighteenth century saw quite a bevy of them, male

(1) *Les artistes célèbres—Le: Cochin*. Par S. Rocheblave. Paris: Pion.

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and female. There was Cochin le Vieux, who began to celebrate the triumphs and amusements of the Great Monarch when that monarch was performing by deputy, in an odd style, half archaic, half Dutch. There was C. N. Cochin le père, the engraver of Watteau and Lancret, and the author of not a little original work of merit in the earlier years of the eighteenth century, and there were between these divers other Cochins whose relation to them and to each other is very uncertain. There was the wife of Cochin le père, Madeleine Horthemels, herself an artist of no small merit. And then there was their son, C. N. Cochin le fils, who is the Cochin par éminence. By far the larger part of a stout number is, as is fit, given up to him, and however high any one's opinion of Cochin may have been before, we think that M. Rocheblave will heighten it, except in the case of those who have been unusually familiar with portfolios and cabinets. His work includes almost the whole wide range of that open to an engraver-draughtsman of the century. Few things were too small or too great for him. He executed large allegorical designs, extensive drawings of public fêtes and functions (one here of "Le Jeu du Roi," in the great gallery of Versailles, is a masterpiece), book illustrations, ball-tickets, tradesmen's advertisements, portraits, *culs-de-lampe*, battle-pieces, Heaven knows what not. And he did them all in a really wonderful manner. The grand style and the *mignardise* of the Louis XV. period do not seem to have much to do with each other. But Cochin married them with extraordinary skill. Nothing on the face of it, and in a general way, can seem likely to be more disgusting than the pseudo-classical allegory of his time. "An Allegory on the Re-establishment of Commerce and the Navy under the Regency," is a title which makes one's blood run cold. Look at it; it is at p. 66 here; it will hardly have that effect on any one of pretty catholic taste. There is another of Louis XV. arming the Dauphin for war, which ought to be ridiculous, and is very nearly sublime. In portrait medallions, Cochin was wonderfully happy, though he had, it would appear, no great knack or opportunity in female faces, and in male heads was subject to the peaked, inquisitive, intelligent, but rather ignoble face of his time, with its "disgracious" wig so different from the all-justifying peruke of the former age. But whenever he got a chance, as in the portraits of Garrick, of the Marquis de Marigny, of Fréron and his wife, and others, he is thoroughly successful. As for his *fleurons*, his *culs-de-lampe*, his tickets and advertisements, they are really miraculous. His invention for *cartouches*, scroll-borders, and the like are simply inexhaustible; and he contrived to touch everything of the kind with a certain greatness of which the secret has been lost for many a day.

The book is, as will have been guessed from what we have said, richly illustrated, and M. Rocheblave has spent much pains on the life. But he should have quoted Diderot's account of the academic battle about the student Moitte's prize in full. It is too good to be left whelmed in the *Salons*.

We have nothing but praise for the idea of issuing in English a translation of MM. Lafenestre and Reichenberger's Catalogue Raisonné of the pictures in the Louvre (2), which is, we understand, to be followed by a series of others sweeping the galleries of Europe. The authors are thoroughly well qualified, M. Lafenestre especially being an accomplished man of letters as well as an expert in pictures; the descriptions of the paintings are simply and clearly done; and the book is abundantly illustrated by full-page typogravures from photographs which at their best are quite excellent, and to which we can bring no objection except that the selection of subjects does not appear to have been always sufficiently conditioned by considerations of scale and vehicle. Such things as Frans Hals's "Gipsy," as the "Gioconda," as Rembrandt's delightful portrait of Hendrikje Stoffels, and even such more detailed but still clear compositions as Terburg's "Concert" and Mantegna's "Parnassus," succeed admirably. But the "Départ pour Cythère" is a mere smudge, in which it is hardly possible to make out anything, and even such clearly painted work as Couture's "Romans of the Decadence" is difficult to distinguish. The great majority of the pieces, however, succeed well enough, and the volume will be extremely useful either for actual companionship in the galleries or for reference at a distance—the latter a need which urgently called for supply. We cannot, however, dismiss the book without a word of surprise at the astonishing badness of the translation. This is assigned on the title-page to M. Gausseron, a man of letters whose work in French we have frequently seen and usually thought well of. But either M. Gausseron must have handed the work over to understrappers, or his knowledge of English leaves a great deal to desire. Ignorance of certain shades of

usage and idiom (for instance, we do not say in English "The Deposition," but "The Descent from the Cross") might be pardoned. But such things as "hands to a duenna who wears a cloak and sword" instead of "carries" are really serious, and unluckily they occur on almost every page.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Currencies of the Hindu States of Rajputana, by Surgeon-Captain W. W. Webb (Westminster: Constable & Co.), treats of the coins of Rajputana, historically and from the numismatist's standpoint, the author illustrating his text with engravings from drawings of coins in his own cabinets. The drawings are well reproduced, and are admirably illustrative of the book. They are representative, not only of the coinage of the richer States, such as Maiwâr, Jaipur, Mewâr, Alwar, and Bharatpur, but of the smaller States and feudatories that enjoy the right of coining. With some twenty Rajputana chiefs issuing coins at discretion, it is not surprising to find that the metallic currency is somewhat confused. The confusion is aggravated, as Dr. Webb shows, by a considerable circulation of old coin, there being apparently no system of calling in light coin. "The amount of local coin circulating in the Rajput States is very large, and is in most cases the collection of a century or longer." From this it is clear that some of these coins must be of great age, as Dr. Webb says, and very much worn. Altogether, with these ancient coins, there are now circulating no fewer than 12 gold mohurs of different value, six of which are now yearly issued; 50 rupees, with fractional coins to correspond, most of which are of different values, and sixteen of which are issued every year; and 41 copper coins, of which sixteen are struck every year, or almost every year. With these facts before him, the author raises an important question, which is not the less delicate and difficult since it is a question of sentiment. One of the most cherished privileges of Oriental chiefs has been the right of coining. The first act of a conqueror was to establish a mint. In India the practice was universal, and prized as one of the chief signs and prerogatives of power. Such being the case, the question of curtailing or abolishing the privilege is obviously an extremely delicate matter of policy. In 1847 Colonel Sutherland, Agent to the Governor-General for the Rajputana States, declared that "the right of coining is, in the estimation of the Native States, one of the emblems of sovereignty." Dr. Webb thinks the point is magnified by Colonel Sutherland, because the Rajput princes have exercised the right of coining only since the fall of the Mogul Empire. But surely the privilege, from the sentimental point of view, is not to be valued for its antiquity merely. A century, after all, is no mean period for establishing a right, and we cannot see that the question of abolishing, or even of restricting, the privilege would be facilitated even were the privilege of much more recent date. It is not enough to show, as the author does, that the exercise of the privilege by the Rajput rulers leads to abuses and much inconvenience, and that the abolition of the right of coining would cause them no real hardship. The difficulty lies in convincing native princes that they would suffer no loss of dignity by any restriction of their privilege of free and independent coining.

M. Jules Rivière's *My Musical Life and Recollections* (Sampson Low & Co.) is an agreeable example of a kind of book which has not always proved, to us at least, agreeable reading. The reminiscences of an artist who undertakes to tell the story of his life are too apt to reflect distorted images of the past and much that strikes the dispassionate contemporary as lacking in true proportion. And it is the contemporary only who can judge of such work. M. Rivière's book is free from defects that are not infrequent in those who are chroniclers of their good fortune in the artistic world. It is distinguished by good taste and tact, and is excellent both as to matter and style. As to the English in which it is written, there is scarcely a trace of the foreign writer in the volume. The greater portion, the most important, certainly, of M. Rivière's life has been spent in England, and his name recalls to most people novel enterprises in popular concerts, and the composition of some extremely popular dance music and songs. M. Rivière, as a conductor and organizer of concerts, was in some sort the successor of Jullien, if that extraordinary person may be said to have had a successor; and if to be successful, and deserving of success, makes his title good, M. Rivière certainly was Jullien's successor. The old days of the Adelphi, under Webster's management, of Cremorne under Simpson, and again under Baum, of the Alhambra under Frederick Strange, and of Covent Garden when M. Rivière

(2) *The Louvre*. By G. Lafenestre and E. Reichenberger. Paris: Ancienne Maisn Quantin.

caused the Promenade Concerts to flourish anew, are pleasantly recalled to us in M. Rivière's lively and good-humoured pages. Of musicians, impresarios, composers—Musard, Duprez, Offenbach, Hervé, Jullien, and many others—he has much that is interesting to record, and in the story of his early years in the musical world of Paris, or in the army, when he mastered many instruments, and organized more than one band, we are attracted by an ingenuousness of tone that becomes, though it does not always adorn, the recollections of youth.

The genealogist and the antiquary will, we trust, prove grateful for the publication of Professor Mayor's laborious transcript *Admissions to St. John's College, Cambridge*, January 1629-30 to July 1665 (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.), the two parts whereof appear in one volume, with full index of names, places, trades, or callings, and other useful appendixes. In the preface Professor Mayor notes some of the points of interest revealed by the register, and gently chides his "learned and painful friend," Dr. Grosart, for assuming that he was ignorant of the existence of any evidence that Herrick was entered at St. John's College. He knew all about it, in fact, as long ago as 1854, and is under the impression that he acquainted Dr. Grosart with what there was to be known, "either directly, or through Mr. Aldis Wright," before Dr. Grosart's edition of Herrick appeared. If Wood claimed the poet for Oxford, and Thomas Baker made no protest, Dr. Bliss gave him back to Cambridge, on the strength of the letters of Herrick cited by Dr. Grosart. It is odd that Baker does not record the fact that Herrick was a Johnian, and it is clear that many persons knew, or ought to have known it.

The Rev. James Wood's *Dictionary of Quotations* (Warne & Co.) comprises 30,000 references—as the cover has it—yet of true references, excepting with regard to Shakespeare, such as will serve the infirm memory of the curious inquirer, it contains none. Thus we read, "Property has its duties as well as its rights.—*Drummond*." But which Drummond? And where shall we find the passage? These are unsolved questions. Another example, and one still more striking, occurs to us. Let us suppose you are asked who is the author of "Rich with the spoils of time," and you reply, confidently, "Gray." You turn to letter "R" in Mr. Wood's volume and read, "Rich with the spoils of time.—*Sir T. Browne*." Naturally it is tantalizing to learn so much and yet so little. Is the passage in *The Garden of Cyrus*, or in *Hydriotaphia*, or where? If Mr. Wood had supplied those little wants, his book had been more worthy of praise than it is. He gives far too much quotation of what is not, nor can ever be, quotation at all, such as, "Public opinion is democratic.—*J. G. Holland*." We do not expect to see a perfect Dictionary of Quotations. No work of the kind, however, should draw lavishly, as this does, on the books of living writers. If these are much quoted they must be sufficiently well known to readers. The probability is that they are not much quoted, and very little read. Mr. Wood's book is particularly rich in proverbs, and in sayings or "thoughts" of maxim-makers such as La Bruyère, Joubert, Pascal, Chamfort, Goethe. No attempt at classification is made—wisely, we think—excepting in the index.

The late Messrs. Ansted and Latham's handy book, *The Channel Islands* (Allen & Co.), appears, in its third edition, to have been considerably revised by Mr. E. Toulmin Nicolle, the present editor, who has aimed at "bringing the work more within the range of the general reader." His object, it seems, is to make it "as popular as possible." At the same time he wishes it to be distinctly understood that the book is not "a mere visitor's handbook," yet it is hoped it may "assist the tourist." There was a kind of tourist who found the original work useful in various ways, and probably never dreamed of the day when "great changes and discoveries" in zoology would necessitate the re-writing of the section on Zoology by Dr. Ansted. The "Geology," also, has been overhauled thoroughly by Mr. Charles Noury, who has contributed some sketch maps that will be of service to the visitor interested in the subject. Altogether this section is much improved.

Among recent American verse, Dr. Frederick Petersen's *In the Shade of Ydrasil* (Putnam's Sons) is a little volume that attracts us by a strain of fancy and an agreeable grace of style that are decidedly individual in quality. The writer's fancy, it is true, is now and again a trifle extravagant, as in the "Blue-bells' Chorus" when he sings "Our carillon will carol on," and in the "Morning Song":—

The flowers uplift their cups of dew
And drink a health unto the sun.

But the fantastic element of many of the lyrics is fresh and pleasing.

Told in the Gate, by Arlo Bates (Boston: Roberts), is a

volume of stories in blank verse, told by Omar at nightfall, "in the arched gateway to fair Ispahan," as around him are gathered

The chief men of the city, they that be
Princes and potentates of Ispahan,
All listening tireless to the tales he tells.

Mr. Bates shows a fair command of the difficult measure he has chosen, and some facility of narrative, though he falls into a discord at times, or a modulation that jars upon the ear. There is example of this in "The Sorrow of Rohab":—

now that Cintra's love,
So filled to overflowing all his heart
That crown and people counted naught—there rose
A hundred murmurs sinister; the stir
Of foes implacable who knew their time
Had come.

Messrs. Dent & Co.'s edition of *Le Morte Darthur*, or "King Arthur," as it is rendered, is a handsome reprint of Malory, illustrated with designs by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, whose fancy and ingenuity are happily shown in the initial designs for the chapters and in the decorative quality of the title-designs for the various books. Mr. Beardsley, indeed, is a decorator of the page, not an illustrator of the book. His knight and lady in the drawing of the Lady of the Lake (p. 47) are frankly reminiscent of Mr. Burne Jones, and of that artist's design for the Kilmacott reprint of Caxton's *Order of Chivalry*.

Mr. Nimmo's "Border" edition of Scott advances this month to *Kenilworth*, in two volumes, illustrated with drawings by M. Lalauze, etched by the artist, which are thoroughly romantic in style and sentiment and skilful in execution. Scott's motto, "No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope?" appropriate enough to the novel, has another meaning if taken with the editor's introduction, wherein Mr. Lang deals with the supposed murder of Amy Robsart by Leicester, and the Queen's knowledge of the crime, just as he has summarized the case of the Casket Letters in the preface to *The Abbot*. "If Elizabeth's case," Mr. Lang remarks, "were treated as Mary's had been, it might go hard with her."

We have also received *The Abbot* (A. & C. Black), illustrated by Mr. John Williamson, being the eleventh volume of the "Dryburgh" edition of Scott; *Sabina Zembra*, by William Black (Sampson Low & Co.), new edition; *The Triumph of Philosophy*, by James Gillespie (Sutton & Co.), new edition; *The Insurance Blue Book and Guide for 1893-1894* (Champaness & Co.), a handy manual of reference for safe and profitable insurance; *The Uniform System of Accounts for Hospitals and Public Institutions*, by Henry C. Burdett (Scientific Press, Lim.); *Chemical Lecture Experiments*, by G. S. Newth, F.I.C. (Longmans & Co.); *Liver Complaint, Nervous Dyspepsia, and Headache*, by M. L. Holbrook, M.D. (Simpkin & Co.), reprinted from the third American edition; *The Letters of "Vetus" on the Administration of the War Office*, reprinted from the *Times* (Cassell & Co.); Part 24 of the Illustrated Edition of J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People* (Macmillan & Co.); *Geography of England and Wales*, by Thomas Haughton (Philip & Son); and a second edition of Ludwig Puritz's excellent *Code Book of Gymnastic Exercises* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), translated by Messrs. O. Knofe and J. W. Macqueen, with numerous illustrations.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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